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Daily Mirror

How
and
Why.

Page 2.

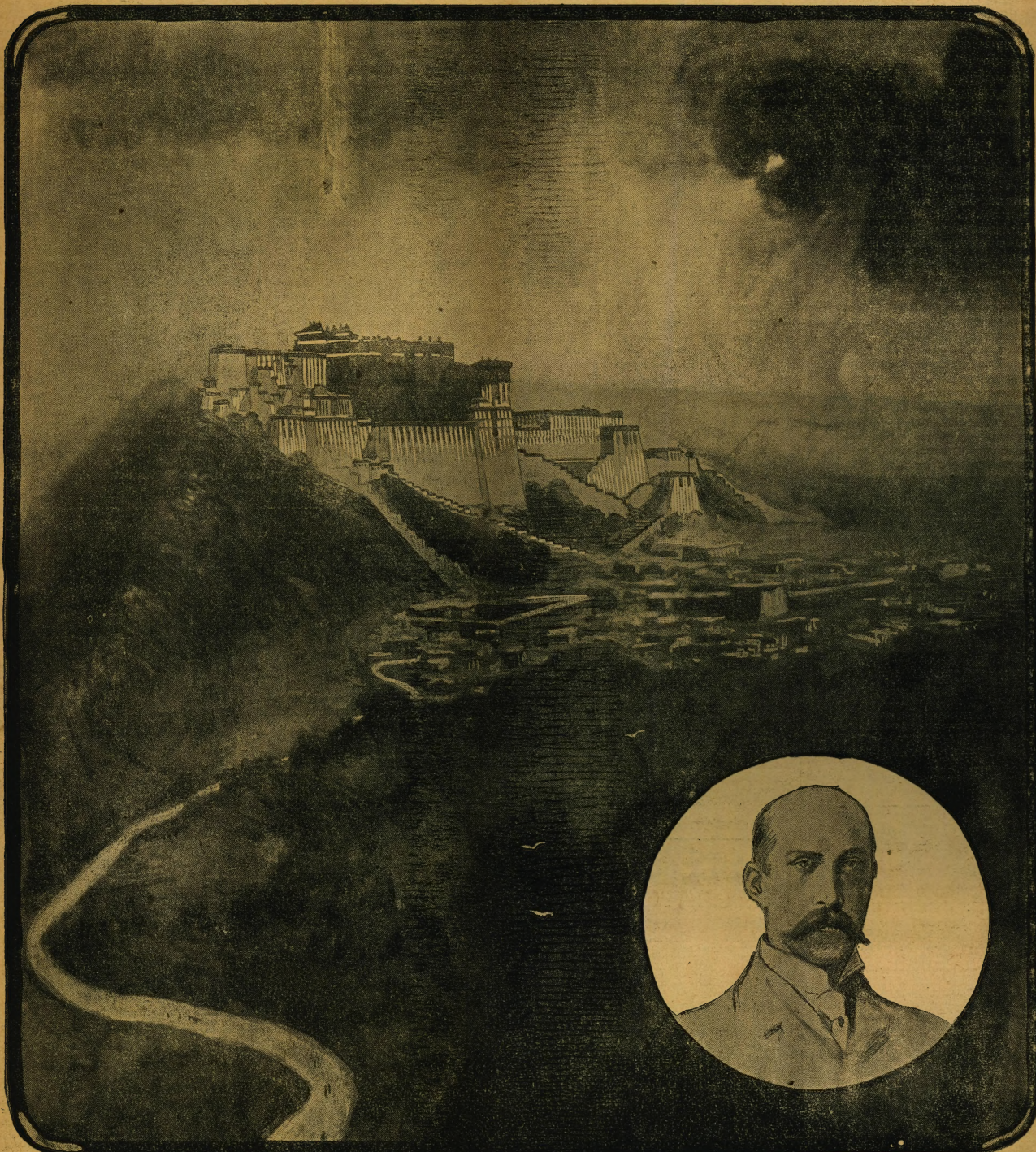
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Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

OUR GIANT TASK—TO STORM THE "FORBIDDEN CITY."



The severe fighting at the capture of the Gyantse fort is the opening of the final advance to Lhasa. The perils and privations of that march will be severely felt by the British force, harassed all the time by an active and brave, if ill-armed, enemy. This picture shows the Grand Lama's Palace in the Holy City of Lhasa. It is made from a photograph supplied by the "Sphere." A portrait sketch of General Macdonald, the leader in the recent fighting, is also given, made from a photograph by Morgan, of Aberdeen.

MARKETING BY POST.

A. - A DAINTY DRESS PARCEL for 30s.; a marvel of enterprise; 2s. 6d. deposit, balance 1s. weekly; writes us for patterns; no security or reference required.—H. J. Searle and Son, Limited, Credit Stores, 70, 72, 74, 76, and 78, Old Kent-road, S.E. The prices charged will only allow us to supply London and the suburbs.

A SPECIAL OFFER.—2 large Chickens, 3s. 6d., 3 ditto for 5s. 6d. for large turkeys, 4s. 6d. pair; large ducks, 3s. 6d. pair. London orders on delivery, so that customers may inspect the value before paying.—Jones, 421, Central Market. Telephone 7280 Central.

CHOICE TABLE POULTRY and genuine Fresh Butter.—Send P.O. 5s. for sample basket, carriage paid, containing pair young Fowls, ready trussed, and 1lb. pure Fresh Butter, or 2lb. Cambridge Sausages.—J. Ringer-Hewett, Outwell, Wisbech. London Depot: 401, Central Market, E.C.

FINEST TABLE POULTRY.—Send P.O. Central Market Supply, 23, Farringdon-st. Smithfield, London; for 2 large finest quality Spring Chickens, 4s. 2 extra large 4s. 6d.; 2 large boiling Fowls, 3s. 6d.; 2 finest Aylesbury Ducks, 5s. 6d. All trussed. Carriage paid.

MAPLES and CO.'S
THREE Splendid Chickens, 5s.
TWO Extra Choice Chickens, 4s.
TWO Specially Selected Fowls, 4s. 6d.
TWO Good Roasting Hens, 4s.

Free delivery from town and our own vans twice daily; payment on delivery; country orders, carriage free, on receipt of P.O.
Price List of Meat, etc., on application.
Telegrams: Maples, Smithfield. Telephone: 5,023
Holborn.
All communications to MAPLES AND CO.'S Retail Departments, Cloth Fair, Smithfield, E.C.

POULTRY.—H. PEAKE is the PIONEER of high-class Poultry.
THREE SPECIAL OFFERS.
THREE Fine Plump Chickens for 5s.
TWO Large Breast-fatted Fowls, for 5s.
TWO Large Blood Quality Chickens, 4s.

H. PEAKE, 402-403, Central Markets, London. Tel 6762 Central.

SAVE HALF YOUR BUTCHER BILLS and buy direct from the farmers.—Best English meat: Mutton, loins, saddles, and shoulders, per lb., 7½d.; legs, 9d.; beef, silver-side, 7½d.; top side, 8½d.; sirloin and ribs, 8½d.; rump steak, 1s.; aitchbone, 5d.; gravy beef, 4d.; brisket, 5½d.; veal and pork, prime joints, 8d.; orders of 4s. free delivered.

hampers free; cash on delivery.—The Direct Supply Stores, Ltd., 6, Holborn-circus, London.

WILLIAM BOWRON'S N.W. DEPARTURE.
OPENING of DEPOTS at Met. Ry Stations.
 Opening of Depot at Harrow Station, Metropolitan Rail-
 way (in Booking Hall). Teles. 1,008, Harrow. London
 prices. Families called upon daily for orders.

Opening of a new Depot at Finchley-rd Station, Metro-
politan Railway. Available to public without tickets.

WILLIAM BOWRON'S
SPECIALITIES FOR THIS WEEK.

Finest Cornish Butter, 1s. 1b; finest Lombardy Fresh Butter, 1s.; Cornish Cream, per 2s. 3d. quart; large jar, 10d.; small jar, 5d.; Spring Chickens, 3s. per couple; large ditto, 3s. 6d. per couple; large Fowls, 4s. 6d. and 5s. per couple. Carriage paid.

English Coots, from 4s. 6d.; Ducks, from 2s. 9d.; large
Hares, 2s. 6d.; White Grouse, 1s. each; English Ducklings,
from 3s. 6d.

HAMPERS.

Hampers for 10s. 6d. contain; (1) 2 fine Partridges, 2
Black Game and 8lb. fore-quarter of Lamb; (2) 8lb. fore-

Hampers for 7s. 6d. contain: (1) 2 Black Game and 8lb. forequarter of Lamb; (2) 2 large Chickens and 4 White Grouse.

Orders of 5s. and upwards carriage paid United Kingdom.
Cash with order. Trussing optional.
WILLIAM BROWN (Dept. M.) 279-281, Edgware-rd.

W London, W.; also at Baker-st Station (No. 1 Platform), St. John's-wood line and Farringdon-st Station (Great Northern and Midland Platform). Telegrams "Anything, London." Telephone, 9, Paddington.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISCELLANEOUS.

▲ LADY'S Superfluous Hairs removed in one sitting by a
 sweet and pleasant method. — *See* *Advertisement* *page* 10

ANKLES WEAK? Why? Explanatory booklet free.
— "Le Pod." Bootmaker. 76, Leadenhall-st.

ARE YOUR SHIRTS AND COLLARS WELL DRESSED?
If not, post them to Thompson's Model Laundry, Margravine-rd., Hammersmith.

A STOMA CURED by Zematone.—Write for free trial box

DAINTY TEETH FOR LADIES.—We are Artists in Teeth; every set a special study; sets, £1, £2, £3, £4, £5; single teeth, 2s. 6d., 4s, 7s. 6d. each.—The People's

DEAFNESS AND NOISES IN HEAD.—Gentleman (Cured Himself) will Send Particulars of Remedy Free.—H. Clifton, 21, Amberley House, 35, Waterloo-rd, London.

GLUVKLENER makes soiled gloves new, removes grease from all fabrics: 7d., free.—Glu:kle:ner Co., Gloucester.

MARVEL Eyelash Oil; only 1s.—Mrs. Seymour, 124, New Bond-st.

NERVOUSNESS, Mental Exhaustion, Involuntary Blushing, Anemia, General Lassitude, Heart Troubles cured.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; call or forward by post;

RINGWORM Permanently Cured; use Porter's Specific; for child, youth, adult; 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. bottle, post.

"SCIENCE SIFTINGS" says high-priced teeth are a delusion and a snare.—Shipley Slipper, Registered Surgeon-Dentist, of 37, High Holborn, London, W.C. (opposite Chancery-lane), has made a special study of moderate-

priced Artificial Teeth; these teeth are perfect for eating and speaking; from 2s. 6d. a tooth, or 20s. a set; success guaranteed in each case.—Call or write for his new book, "Modern Dentistry," to F. Mason, 37, High Holborn, W.C.

SIX times too much coal burned.—Write Sugar House

Advertisements under the headings:
Daily Bargains

Daily Bargains.
Holiday Apartments To Let and
Wanted.
Motors and Cycles.

Partnerships and Financial.
Musical Instruments.
Educational.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.
119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st Within, E.C. } London

Assets, £597,790. Liabilities, £285,680. Surplus, £312,110 2½ per cent. allowed on current account balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under: Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p.c. per ann.

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly. The Terminable Deposit Bonds pay nearly nine per cent., and are a safe investment. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS AND H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and a dark horizontal band near the bottom edge, possibly indicating a fold or the binding area. There is no text or other markings on the page.

BATTLE IN BLINDING RAIN.

Japanese Camp Rushed
During the Night.

FIGHT WITH COLD STEEL.

Russian Mine Blows Up a Jap
Cruiser.

News of fierce fighting is to hand. The Russians attempted to rush the Japanese main camp in the Motienling Pass on Monday, and deadly bayonet fighting ensued, which resulted in the Russians being driven off. Other reports state that a similar attack was made by the Russians on the Liao-yang road on Wednesday, when the Russians lost about 300 killed and wounded, and the Japanese had 1,000 casualties. These reports may refer to the same engagement. There is also news of a conflict between Count Heller's force and the Japanese, in which the Russians lost heavily.

There are rumours of continuous fighting south of Newchwang and also in the direction of Mukden, and it is also asserted that the attack on Port Arthur is to be carried on uninterruptedly to a decisive finish.

TORRID HEAT.

Storms of Rain Destroy Russian
Camps.

According to a Russian message from Liao-yang, the heat there is torrid, and the movements of the troops are much hampered by the heavy rains.

A gale, of the strength of a typhoon, is sweeping along the coasts, and the Russian camps at Tashi-chiao have been destroyed. The tents were so sodden and beaten down that the soldiers had to rip a way out with their bayonets, and the whole land was converted into a swamp.

The men had to cast off their ammunition belts, and even then could scarcely cover two miles in four hours, repeatedly coming in the ravines upon numbers of drowned horses and oxen.

"BLOODY QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR."

Russians Attack the Japanese in
Their Trenches with the Bayonet.

Despite these dreadful conditions there has been fierce fighting in North-East Manchuria, as will be seen by the following messages:—

GENERAL KUROKI'S HEADQUARTERS

(undated), via Fusan, Monday.

Two battalions of Russians attempted to break through the Japanese outposts at the northern entrance to the Motienling before daylight this morning. They surrounded an outpost of eighty men at the foot of a hill and charged a trench above.

A bloody quarter of an hour's work with bayonets ensued. The Russians attacked the trench three times, but on the arrival of reinforcements for the Japanese were finally repulsed and driven up the valley.

I counted fifty Russians lying just in front of the trench.—*Reuter's Special Service*

The appended messages may refer to the same engagement, although the dates differ:—

JAPANESE CAMP RUSHED.

Reports from St. Petersburg state that desperate fighting has taken place at Lantiansan, half-way on the road from the Motienling Pass to Liao-yang.

During a terrific storm of rain on Wednesday morning General Kashtalinsky's troops surprised the outposts of a Japanese force.

Owing to the darkness and rain-squalls, the outposts were taken unawares and overpowered before they could give the alarm, and subsequently the Russians rushed the main camp of the outposts with loud shouts of "Hurrah!"

Nearly all the Japanese were killed or wounded, but by this time the din of the conflict had roused the main body, and strong Japanese reinforcements swarmed to the scene and savagely attacked the Russians.

Three times the Japanese assailed the enemy, but they were repulsed, although on the third occasion they almost succeeded in surrounding the Russians.

Fortunately for the Russians, at this moment a Russian battalion hurried to the assistance of their

comrades in the fighting line, and enabled the Russian forces to retire.

On the Russian side there were about 300 killed and wounded, but the Japanese loss was much heavier, their casualties being reported at 1,000.

FIGHTING IN THE SOUTH.

From Newchwang it is stated that a battle was fought on Monday and Tuesday at Kaiping, south of Newchwang; but the result, says Reuter, is not known at present.

SERIOUS JAPANESE MISHAPS.

From Tientsin it is stated by Reuter that two Japanese destroyers have been sunk while attempting to enter Port Arthur.

Two Japanese torpedo boats and a cruiser are said to have been sunk by the Vladivostok squadron off Gensan, and a Japanese transport captured. The Japanese cruiser Kaimon, built in 1882, has been destroyed, says Reuter, by a mine in Talien Bay.

Admiral Togo reports that three officers, including Commander Takahashi and nineteen officers and men, are missing. The rest were saved.

Replying to a question in the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Balfour said that the British Government had undertaken the protection of the seal fisheries in the Behring Sea at the request of Russia and Japan.

HOPES OF THE TSAR.

Long-Wished-For Heir May
Shortly Arrive.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.

A St. Petersburg correspondent, generally well informed, states that an interesting event is expected in the Tsar's family in about a fortnight's time.

For long years the Tsar has hoped and prayed for an heir to his throne. Apart from a father's natural desire to see a son who shall succeed him, there are grave political reasons which make the birth of an heir an event much to be desired.

The present Tsarevitch is the Tsar's younger brother, but so keen is the desire to secure the succession in direct line that, according to a universally believed report, the Tsar has meditated making his eldest daughter his successor.

The Tsaritsa also, although her mother's heart rejoices in four charming daughters, ardently desires to become the mother of a Tsarevitch.

Four times since they were married in 1894 have the Imperial pair been disappointed. In 1891, when their fourth child was expected, the German professor, Herr Schenk, the author of "The Determination of Sex," was summoned to St. Petersburg, in the hope that he might ensure the child being a boy.

But his efforts were fruitless, and the Russian rulers and people were once more disappointed. There is a prophecy, widely believed in Russia, that the Tsaritsa will have six girls before an heir to the throne is born.

Now, however, the Tsar, racked by his country's troubles at home and abroad, must be hoping that a son will be given to him, even though born amid sorrow and the clash of arms.

CAMPAIGN OF PERSECUTION.

Pewsey, a quiet hamlet in Wiltshire, is the scene of mysterious, relentless persecution.

The familiar device of anonymous letters is used to embitter the life of the rector, the Rev. F. W. Redea, and a highly-respectable maiden lady named Miss Smith.

What can be the object of the attack baffles the Bishop of the diocese, the Chief Constable of Wiltshire, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, the Postmaster-General, and the Lord Chief Justice, all of whom have been appealed to by the distracted clergyman.

The rector's name has, moreover, been forged to a notice on the church door excommunicating Miss Smith, and the great has been the annoyance that services at the church have been suspended.

CHINESE DESERT FROM JOHANNESBURG.

Four Chinese have deserted, states a Pretoria telegram, from the New Comet mine, Johannesburg.

Two returned voluntarily, and the others were yesterday captured near Pretoria, having tramped there from Johannesburg.

They applied for work on a farm.

TIN BABEL TO TRAVEL.

At the close of the Salvation Army Congress in London, the immense hall in the Strand, which cost £3,000 to erect, will be removed with its fittings to Cardiff, where it is to do duty for a mission unconnected with the Army. Subsequently it will go to Middlesborough.

The Prince of Wales has forwarded to the treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital £500 in commemoration of the King having laid the foundation-stone of the new building.

TIBET FIGHT.

Our Troops Advance as if on
Parade.

Further details of the capture of the Jong at Gyantse show that the affair was even more brilliant than was at first apparent.

Our correspondent telegraphs that the operations occupied seventeen hours, and were of the most difficult character. If the Jong had been held by even a small force of disciplined and well-armed troops it would have been impregnable to assault.

The poor marksmanship of the Tibetans was the sole reason for our small losses. Their incompetence was shown by the fact that while our men, under a hot fire, were crossing an open space a thousand yards wide only one of them was hit.

The enemy were so demoralised by the assault that they incontinently abandoned their positions and fled as soon as the Gurkhas had won the heights.

General Macdonald's plan was to draw the enemy to the northern side of the defences by the action on the afternoon of July 5, while sending his fighting force to Parla village by a night march.

This force consisted of details of the Royal Fusiliers, the 3rd Pioneers, the 4th Pathans, the 8th Gurkhas, and the 32nd Pioneers, besides sappers and miners and one seven-pounder.

The assault on the Jong was conducted in an orderly manner as a review.

The Ta Lama has fled to Dongtse, a few miles to the north-west.

The British losses were:—

Killed.—Lieutenant J. Gordon, 32nd Pioneers, and three men of the 8th Gurkhas.

Wounded.—Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell and Captain Preston, 40th Pathans; Lieutenants Grant, 8th Gurkhas, and Mitchell, 23rd Pioneers; also three men of the Royal Fusiliers and twenty sepoy.

An official dispatch received last night from Lord Amthill says the enemy's strength was estimated at 5,000, and their losses are not yet known.

PIGEON SHARES M.P.'s LUNCHEON.

Amusing Incident in the House of
Commons Dining-Room.

Some interest and amusement were excited at the House of Commons yesterday afternoon by a carrier pigeon flying into the dining-room and settling upon one of the tables, where a group of members were having lunch.

The bird had evidently travelled far, and was either so tame or so fatigued that it partook eagerly of food and drink from friendly hands.

The pigeon, which is in hospitable keeping, bears a ring on the left leg, with the number "1834."

ONLY ONE HOUR'S SUNSHINE.

A Muggy and Close Day with a
Low Thermometer.

Sunshine "one hour" was the most striking item in yesterday's weather record.

The dullness was the more noticeable because of the record for the year of fourteen hours' sunshine established by the preceding day. The current year has now fallen sixty-eight hours behind 1903 in the matter of actual sunshine recorded.

The gloom was accompanied by a fall in temperature amounting to no less than eleven degrees, the maximum-readings being—Wednesday 77deg., and yesterday 68deg.

Brighter and more pleasant weather is promised for to-day.

GIRL'S FALL DOWN A CLIFF.

A girl, named Nellie Gorby, fell down the cliffs south of the Spa Grounds at Scarborough yesterday morning, and had a miraculous escape from being killed.

She attempted to descend the cliff and fell a distance of fifty feet. When she recovered consciousness she found herself on a ledge half-way up. Eventually she attracted the attention of some bathers, and was lowered by a lifebuoy attached to ropes.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BIRTHDAY.

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., will celebrate his sixty-sixth birthday to-day, having been born on July 8, 1838. He unsuccessfully contested Sheffield in 1874, but has represented Birmingham in the House of Commons since June, 1876.

QUEEN AND EAST END FLOWER SHOW.

The Rev. F. S. St. John Corbett, rector of St. George's-in-the-East, has asked the Queen to visit his parochial flower show, which takes place on the 14th inst. A gracious reply has been received stating that inquiries are being made as to the possibility of carrying out the rector's request.

CHERTSEY'S VERDICT.

Lord Bingham Triumphs Despite
Questionable Radical Methods.

Lord Bingham, the Unionist candidate, has been returned for Chertsey by a majority of 549, which is exactly sixty-one less than the *Mirror* predicted he would win by.

The result of Wednesday's polling was announced yesterday, as follows:—

Lord Bingham (U.)	5,425
Mr. T. Sadler (R.)	4,876
Majority	549

Prior to the declaration of the poll, Chertsey looked like a banqueting hall after the departure of the guests. The Party favours displayed at the drapers' shops seemed like a mockery.

Speaking subsequently at a meeting in the Constitutional Hall, Lord Bingham said everybody knew that inaccuracies and personalities, as scurrilous as had ever disgraced an election, had been indulged in by the Radicals during the contest.

KILLED FOR LOVE.

Extraordinary Letters by a Self-
Confessed Murderer.

At the inquest on Margaret Chisholm, who was murdered on Wednesday at Seaham Harbour by George Breeze, a lodger, it was said the husband of the dead woman and Breeze were football friends.

Prisoner was addicted to the reading of a publication called "Famous Crimes."

Confessions found in the house in the handwriting of Breeze were read. One was as follows:—

"I confess I have killed the only woman I ever loved, because she was true. I have gone to Durham to give myself up, hoping that when the time comes I shall die happy. May the Lord cherish her as one of His goodly creatures. She was a piece of nature's handiwork. Please give this box to my mother.—Yours, G. BREEZE."

Another note read, "Why did he go to work and leave me to cause my own destruction and the death of one whom I loved more than my own life? Why did I kill such a young life? Because she was unhappy and I was unhappy."

The confession which Breeze handed to the police was read by Superintendent Weller, as follows:—"I, the undersigned, confess that I killed Meg Ashworth, legally Mrs. Chisholm, in a fit of mad passion, driven to desperation by her handsome face. She made me do what God never ordained man to do. Still, as the world goes merrily round, some must be happy and some miserable, while I never knew that life was happy. Night after night my mind was throbbing, thinking of her I adored more than the very world, even more than those that are dear to me."

"It makes your mind uneasy when you see the only woman you ever loved married and tortured by the pangs of hunger."

"When life is young some say that all the money in the world could not buy its sweetness, but money could have bought my sweetness, because when you are poor you are trampled upon like a worm, while other trample on velvet carpets."

"Fellow workmen, forget that I was once one of your mates, because you are not to be classed with me, as I now write my name with the scroll of a murderer—a murderer in God's sight but not in my own, because she was unhappy, and she knew she was tied by the bonds of matrimony."

ARTIST'S LAST HONOURS.

A representative of the King, the President of the Royal Academy, and many people famous in the artistic, literary, and political worlds, attended the memorial service for Mr. G. F. Watts at St. Paul's Cathedral yesterday afternoon.

"Now the labourer's task is o'er," was sung as a processional hymn, the evening of the service, which was fully choral. Archdeacon Sinclair, who conducted, read verses from Ecclesiastes beginning, "Let us now praise famous men," instead of the lesson from the burial service.

By a special request of the relatives of the great artist four verses of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" were sung, and the impressive service closed with the Nunc Dimittis.

DEAF ENGINE-DRIVER.

In the witness-box of the Hammermith Coroner's court yesterday, John Hare, the driver of an engine which had knocked down and killed a labourer on the District Railway, appeared to be so deaf that the jury, in a rider to their verdict, expressed surprise at the company employing him. A railway inspector stated that the company had not known of the man's deafness before.

The letters "M.A.B." and "J.P." formed part of a tattoo design on the body of an unknown man found lying dead, with a revolver beside him, at Southend yesterday.

"FAREWELL, ALAKE."

Sable Sovereign Departs in
a Halo of Glory.

KING'S GIFT BIBLE.

His sable Majesty the Alake of Abeokuta departed from London yesterday, wreathed in smiles and laden with presents.

He was attired in a gorgeous brocaded robe of red and gold, with heliotrope trimmings, and an under-garment of pink, yellow, and pale green silk. On his curly black head he wore a cross between a fez and a turban, ornamented with black and gold snakes and bronze sea horses.

On his arrival in England the dusky potentate's baggage was carried in a four-wheeler, but a pair-horsed railway van and a Midland Railway omnibus were required to convey all his goods and chattels to St. Pancras yesterday.

"In all we have seventy large and small packages. Thirty belong to the Alake, twenty to Mr. Edun, and twenty to myself," said the Prince Ademolo to a *Mirror* representative. "Our presents and purchases consist of silk hats, silk umbrellas, 25 5s. Panama hats, silk cloths, silk parasols, ladies' hats, ladies' dresses, shoes, gloves, perfumery, paintings, engravings, walking sticks, ladies' handbags, fans, gold and silver jewellery, cutlery, and other goods too numerous to mention."

Did Not Pay in Cowries.

The Westminster Palace Hotel was a scene of bustle and excitement from six o'clock in the morning.

Porters ran up and downstairs, occasionally stopping for a moment to wipe the perspiration from their brows and wonder if the African King would give them their tips in gold, ivory, or shells.

But it was all right. Good English money was forthcoming. The barber received a shilling for sharpening the King's razors, and seemed quite happy.

The Alake occupied a family saloon carriage on the two o'clock train for Liverpool. He will remain at the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool, until tomorrow, when he will embark on the Royal West African steamer Biruta for Lagos.

Shortly before leaving the Alake was presented with a Bible from King Edward and a letter from his Majesty expressing the hope that he had enjoyed his visit to England, and wishing him a safe journey back to Abeokuta.

Parting Gift of Terriers.

Just as the train was about to start two splendid bull terriers were rushed on to the platform for the Alake from Mr. Volke, of the Italian Circus. They were hastily thrust into a compartment with some of the minor members of the suite, and the train left.

On being asked before he started how he had enjoyed his visit to England, the Alake went through the naval semaphore signalling exercise with his arms and emitted a series of weird sounds, which, it was alleged, expressed in the Zourba language great delight.

Speaking on his behalf, Prince Ademolo said: "The Alake is delighted at his gracious reception by the King of England. He has been greatly interested in agricultural industries, and is taking back twelve ploughs of two different makes to try experiments with. He has also a cotton gin, and if it proves successful in Abeokuta others will be ordered."

"He was very much impressed with the kindness with which horses were treated in England, and intends to do all in his power to impress it upon his people."

NEW SEA PERIL.

Startling Theory of the Cause of the
Norge Disaster.

Baron von Nowack, known as the "weather-plant expert," puts forward a startling theory to account for the loss of the emigrant ship Norge.

"I have no hesitation in saying," remarked the Baron to a "St. James's Gazette" interviewer, "that it was caused by the deflection of the compass needles due to magnetic and electrical phenomena."

The Baron saw signs at seven p.m. on June 29 of a cyclone in the clouds.

Its influence was felt over Moscow on the evening of June 29, when a great hurricane was experienced, resulting in 150 deaths, and on July 3 earthquake shocks were felt in Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, and other parts of England.

"Now it is an undoubted fact," said the professor, "that the cyclone crossed the course of the Norge. The course which the ship should have taken lies well to the north of Rockall, on which she was wrecked, at least a hundred miles to the north."

As she came within the influence of the magnetic disturbances, however, her compass was more and more deflected to the south-west, and a look at the chart will show that this derangement would carry her on to Rockall."

GREY DAY AT HENLEY.

Great Crowd on the River, but
Dull Weather.

The weather served Henley badly again yesterday. Thin, grey clouds, high but threatening, covered the sun, whose strength behind made the heat oppressive and wearisome.

There had been talk that the King was to honour the regatta by his presence, but he was not there.

Some ladies, with a pronounced American accent, were wildly excited while the Winnipeg Rowing Club endeavoured to beat Third Trinity for the Stewards' Challenge Cup. Their excitement seemed unaccountably to last after the race was over. They still seemed to expect something. Presently the mystery was solved. Mr. J. S. Henderson, the Canadian stroke, walked up and shook hands with them. They became radiant.

The bank between the crews' enclosure and the Grosvenor Club and the meadows were crowded with a strange mixture of all classes. "Varsity Blues and immaculate Leander men rubbed shoulders along the dusty path with weather-beaten watermen and nondescript young men in flannel garments of every variety known to tailors and outfitters.

In the meadows the young man who drew lightning sketches to advertise his skill in portraiture did a roaring trade.

The two hours lunch interval gave visitors time to go down to their launches by Temple Island, or to punt up and eat in the shelter of the overhanging trees. Hundreds picnicked on the green banks by quaint Remenham.

LONDON QUITE "CUTE."

American Boys' Naïve Impressions of
Our Capital.

Fifty lads from the United States mercantile marine training ship *St. Mary* yesterday made a complete tour of the Metropolis in wagnettes, and, vigorously waving the Stars and Stripes, they created quite a sensation wherever they went.

The general verdict was that London was the "cutest" place the visitors had seen.

The general verdict was that London was the Tower. "It's just immense. Ain't got nothing like this, sir, across the water," said one, as he glanced at armour which a British warrior had borne long before Columbus discovered America. The ancient tombs and numerous monuments of the Abbey caused even greater wonder.

The National Gallery and the Albert Hall and Memorial "licked creation"—excepting the great mausoleum in New York—but Kew could not compare with the wilds of Central Park.

The size of London struck the young Americans with astonishment, and the policemen regulating the traffic came in for their unbounded admiration.

WHERE IS THE "MESSIAH"?

Milkman Sherlock Holmes and His
Professional Clue.

Has the Clapton "Messiah" really left Sparrow?

At Clapton it is firmly believed that Pigott is in hiding on the premises, and general excitement and activity on the premises favours this belief.

The tradesman who supplies No. 2, Clapton Common with milk is perhaps the only sceptic. "I should know," he told a *Mirror* representative, "as they have plenty of milk when he is at home, and they don't now."

At the church on the common some women were seen dodging about the shrubbery behind the locked gates.

Soon a man arrived, who looked considerably astonished when he found them locked. He shook them violently, and then looked at his watch.

"I don't know anything about Pigott," he replied to a query, "I am here by appointment at 3.30, and I can't get in. I am a public official."

He made several more attempts to get through the gates while the women still dodged about among the bushes. Eventually, when the road-way was clear, a hard-visaged female approached gingerly and let in the waiting man, who was probably a rate-collector.

Pigott's secretary, a Mr. Beddoe, was yesterday seen in Clapton.

LADY BANCROFT'S LOST LOVE BIRD.

It was the depth of despair which caused the insertion of the following in a daily journal:—
"Lost a small green Lark Bird, which I saw into the garden No. 18 of Berkeley-square on Thursday, June 30. Its return to No. 18 would be rewarded."

Calling at No. 18, Berkeley-square, yesterday, a *Mirror* representative discovered that exactly a week ago yesterday Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft lost their little favourite, and were still mourning its loss.

The bird was accustomed to its liberty, but was returned willingly to its cage after a few hours' freedom; but although the cage has been placed on the balcony invitingly open the truant is still missing.

MARQUIS'S PASTE GEMS.

How Lord Anglesey Was Deceived
by Foreign Dealers.

A sad disappointment awaits the creditors of the Marquis of Anglesey.

When an inventory was made of his property at Anglesey Castle wonderful finds of jewellery were reported and valued at no less than £170,000. This amount would have provided a handsome dividend for the money-lenders and tradesmen now clamouring for payment.

Now comes (writes a Bangor correspondent) the astonishing report of three London experts that most of the diamonds and gems are nothing but paste. But they are paste of such exquisite workmanship as to have deceived the Marquis himself, who was looked upon as a connoisseur in all matters pertaining to jewellery.

Happily for the good name of English jewellers most of these imitation gems were purchased abroad. The disgrace of the swindle must therefore be borne by Continental dealers.

Scores of magnificent coronets and crosses, for which the Marquis gave large sums, will practically realise nothing at the sale. So far from there being a total value of £170,000 of jewels, the whole collection is worth only £40,000.

This discovery will awaken uncomfortable doubts in the minds of many wealthy people of the genuineness of their own gems.

Probably few collections of gems acquired within recent years on the Continent could pass the ordeal of expert scrutiny without many similar frauds being discovered.

EUROPE'S DUSTHEAP STILL.

Aliens Bill Withdrawn on Account of
Radical Obstruction.

There seems little probability of the influx of destitute and criminal aliens into London being checked by legislation this year.

The Radical friends of the foreigner have so succeeded in obstructing the progress of the Aliens Bill through the Standing Committee on Law that in seven days only three lines of one clause have been passed.

Yesterday the Home Secretary gave notice of the intention of the Government to reluctantly abandon the measure.

Although the Government thought the measure of great importance, not only to a very large portion of the metropolis, but to the country at large, he proposed that, seeing it impossible to make useful progress during the present session of Parliament, the Committee should not proceed further with the consideration of it.

The Opposition loudly cheered the announcement which for a further indefinite time places English workmen at the mercy of the under-paid competition of foreigners.

FREE DETECTIVE AGENCY.

"Army" Gives Advice in Divorce and
"Breach" Cases.

OUR INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT

Will procure information upon all matters referring to the respectability of persons, houses, situations, etc.; will make searches for Wills, Patents, Certificates of Birth, Marriages, Deaths, etc.; and advice in Divorce and Breach of Promise cases, Probate, Legacy, Property, Businesses for Sale, and Investments will undertake Detective cases of certain kinds, and all confidential matters.

This advertisement, taken from the "War Cry," throws some light upon the varied nature of the many functions undertaken by the Intelligence Department for the Salvation Army.

By means of this department missing friends have been recovered, and the claims of needy and deserving persons to money have been established. The department has also been useful in exposing and frustrating the designs of many fraudulent individuals.

Since its establishment some years ago, more than 17,000 cases have been handled, and a very large proportion of these have been carried to a satisfactory issue.

At the present time the intelligence officers have nearly 8,600 cases in hand.

RATE WAR—NO DECISION.

Lord Inverclyde and Herr Ballin met in conference yesterday at the Board of Trade offices to discuss the strained situation existing between the Cunard and the German Atlantic Steamship lines.

No decision was arrived at yesterday, and Herr Ballin declined to give any information on the subject. Another meeting will take place at the House of Commons at 1 p.m. to-day, when Mr. Gerald Balfour will be present.

It is understood that on behalf of the Cunard Company Lord Inverclyde has refused to make any concessions with regard to the Hungarian emigrant traffic from Fiume to New York.

Two further cases of smallpox—from Finsbury and Bethnal Green respectively—have been admitted to the Metropolitan Smallpox Hospital. Yesterday seventy-three patients remained under treatment.

DRY DRINKING.

Compressed Intoxication in
a Bag of Sweets.

THE SCHOOLGIRL'S "NIP."

By the aid of meat lozenges it has long been possible to carry a leg of mutton in your waistcoat pocket. Now it seems you can carry your pet liqueur in the same way.

You can have your choice of Chartreuse, Cognac, Kirsch, Curaçao, Crème de Menthe, Kummel, cherry brandy, and many other liqueurs whose names are hardly known in this country.

You need neither flask to carry them, nor cup to drink them from. Half a bottle of any of them can be carried in a small paper bag, and you can take a thimbleful or more at a time, as your fancy or thirst dictates.

In a word, these liqueurs are in the form of alcoholic sweets.

Another German Peril.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has had his attention drawn to the large amount of these sweets sold without a spirit licence.

Inquiries by a *Mirror* representative leave no doubt that the amount sold in London is immense. They are of two kinds: One containing imitation liqueur; the other the real, high-class article.

"Both," said a provincial confectioner, "are made in Germany. The imitation stuff is enclosed in ordinary sweets, which are sold in the usual shops, which have no spirit licence. They contain pure spirit, and are extensively intoxicating. Three of them would be equivalent to a glass of brandy, and the effect of eating half-a-dozen or so on a hot day I will leave you to imagine."

"Tons of them come over every year, and I'm afraid lots of people get slightly the worse for 'drink' through eating them. Fortunately, they are fairly expensive, costing 3s. a pound, or just 3d. each."

"Otherwise the danger to the community would be appalling. Even now it is a very real danger. Young girls are apt to acquire, quite innocently, the taste for drink by eating these things."

Dry Drinks for Schoolgirls.

"Such a habit is very difficult to shake off. A girl in the ordinary way would be ashamed of being seen always nipping liqueurs. But by this means she can very soon consume a glass of alcohol and no one be the wiser. And it only costs 3d., after all. It is a very serious matter."

"The 'real' thing costs 3s. a pound, or 3d. each. They are sold in only one shop—I believe near Piccadilly-circus. They come from Vienna, and are called in chocolate."

"These people have a licence, by the way."

The *Mirror* representative found the real thing excellent—the "pocket" Crème de Menthe especially so. About eight of these go to a liqueur glass.

The other kind was appallingly fiery, and produced a splitting headache.

MR. TREE'S VERSATILITY.

Appears in Four Parts in One Night
at His Majesty's.

The diversified programme presented at His Majesty's Theatre last night was characteristic of Mr. Tree's versatility.

To play in one evening such parts as the crafty Zerkini, the pathetic, yet dignified King Richard, the scheming Malvolio, and the broken-down Austin Limnason, is a feat of which even Mr. Tree may be proud.

The first item on the bill was the fourth act of "The Darling of the Gods," in which Miss Lily Bayton appeared. Then came the first scene in the third act of "Richard II.," Mr. Oscar Asche repeating his clever impersonation of the usurper, Bolingbroke. The Richard of Mr. Tree was, as usual, a fine character study.

Act 2 of "Twelfth Night" followed, and Miss Tree's Viola once more recaptured the credulity of a crowded house, Miss Constance Collier's Olivia being likewise admired. "The Man Who Was" wound up the evening's entertainment.

At the close of the performance Mr. Tree announced that he would present "The Tempest" early in September.

Neither Mr. Forbes-Robertson nor Miss Gertrude Elliott will appear in "The Tempest."

SOCIETY IN A CELLAR STUDIO.

A fashionable crowd yesterday afternoon thronged the rooms of Mr. Keyworth Baine, the young portrait painter whose novel underground studio has recently attracted so much attention.

Mr. Baine has established himself in a cellar in George-street, Hanover-square, and a very charming and artistic cellar he has made of it.

A great-nephew of the painter Frith, Mr. Baine is a very rapid worker, and is usually able to finish a portrait in five sittings.

Among those who yesterday visited the studio were Lady Colin Campbell, Lady de Crespigny, Lady Maxwell Lytle, and Mrs. Holman Hunt.

LOST HUSBAND'S LETTER.

Mrs. White Hears from the Missing Man.

DECLINES TO RETURN.

The vanished man White is now known to be alive, and the mystery surrounding his disappearance is practically cleared up. After a silence of eleven days, during which period the girl-wife had been awaiting her husband's return, a telegram arrived to startle the little household in Sherborne-place, where the deserted wife is lodging with her widowed mother.

It was from Mr. White himself, and read:—

Have posted registered letter addressed to your mother, which you will receive to-night.
C. A. WHITE.

In due course the registered letter followed. It was written on a half-sheet of dirty notepaper, and gave no address. As the wife read it tears ran down her cheeks, and she sobbed out, "I do not deserve all this. Oh! why did he leave it unsaid till I was on the point of becoming a mother?"

"Shocking Mistake."

The following is the letter which has come as such a painful revelation to Mrs. White. It was addressed to her mother, and ran as follows:—

London, July 7, 1904.

Mrs. E. North, 17A, Sherborne-place, Marylebone-road, London, N.W.

Dear Madam,—I regret to say that it is not my intention of living with your daughter Maggie again. She is the most ignorant and obstinate person it has ever been my sad lot to come across. My marriage with her after a few weeks' acquaintance was a shocking mistake, as I have found out to my cost.

For the present I will make her an allowance of £4 a month, an (sic) enclose postal orders for that sum. It is useless for her to look for me, as I am not living in London, nor do I intend to.—I am, yours faithfully, Charles A. White.

The postal orders enclosed were made payable to Mrs. Margaret White.

Presents to His Wife's Sisters.

The sudden change in her husband's attitude towards her is entirely beyond Mrs. White's understanding. "It is so strange," she exclaimed pathetically. "Only three weeks ago he sent my little sister a big doll and gave her a child's watch. He also gave my sister Edith a gold watch and chain, and my sister Beatrice a gold bangle. It is so extraordinary that he should change his mind and lose all affection for me the moment he left me at Charing Cross."

"I cannot understand how it was he would not give me his photo. He had one in his office, and destroyed it when I asked him for it. He used to make thumb-nail sketches of himself, and was always drawing faces, but tore them up and threw them into the fire."

The business card of the missing husband described him as follows:—Charles Arthur White, Business Transfer Agent, High Holborn. Businesses for disposal; £50-£1,000.

BOOM IN BONESETTERS.

The publicity recently given to the achievements of Mr. William Rae, the bonesetter of Blyth, has had the effect of encouraging scores of imitators.

A well-known West End surgeon yesterday pointed out to a *Mirror* representative the danger of trusting too implicitly to these professors.

"For my own part, I am astounded at the risks these men take. I see cases every week that would be affected as gravely by ignorant manipulation as by the careless use of the surgeon's knife."

"All sufferers should inquire carefully into the antecedents of any man they think of consulting. There is practically no way of protecting the public until some serious mistake is made."

On a charge of attempting to injure an automobilist by placing wire across the Bath road, near Slough, a labourer named William Austin was remanded at Beaconsfield Police Court yesterday.

FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The "Daily Mirror" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom for 1d. per day for the convenience of holiday-makers.

"IN FACT, THERE WAS NO MURDER."

Lord Russell's Dying Solicitude for Mrs. Maybrick and His Certainty That She Was Innocent.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. THEODORE LUMLEY.

All newspaper readers in this country and America are aware that the late Lord Russell of Killowen to the end of his days urged successive Home Secretaries to release Mrs. Maybrick, for the reason that, in his opinion, she had been unjustly convicted.

The great Lord Chief Justice, then Sir Charles Russell, defended Mrs. Maybrick during her trial at Liverpool in 1889, when she was convicted of poisoning her husband, James Maybrick, with arsenic.

For ten years thereafter the chivalrous Irishman pleaded in vain for his client, even from his office as head of the criminal adjudication of this country.

Shortly before his death Lord Russell sent for Mr. Theodore Lumley, of the well-known firm of solicitors, Messrs. Lumley and Lumley, to see him in his room at the Law Courts regarding the Maybrick case.

In a conversation with a representative of the *Mirror*, Mr. Theodore Lumley told the story of that remarkable interview—Lord Russell's last effort to save Mrs. Maybrick.

LORD RUSSELL'S DYING WISH.

"I found Lord Russell deeply agitated," said Mr. Lumley. "He said he had sent for me about Mrs. Maybrick. He told me distinctly that there had been a grievous miscarriage of justice; that he had done all in his power to obtain Mrs. Maybrick's release, but had failed. He seemed deeply moved by his own inability to free her and his deep sorrow for her fate. He asked me for my views, and I gave them."

"Then, after a pause, he turned to me and said: 'Mr. Lumley, I wish to ask you to continue to do all you can to obtain justice for this woman. Put yourself into communication with my friends, send them as many papers as they wish, and give them as much information as possible, assisting them in every way within your power for the purpose of securing that Mrs. Maybrick's wrongful conviction may be set right.' 'I have done everything in my power,' added Mr. Lumley, 'since to fulfil the solemn commission laid upon me by the great departed Lord Chief Justice.'"

THE CAUSE OF MAYBRICK'S DEATH.

Asked whether in his own personal opinion there had been a miscarriage of justice, Mr. Lumley said:—

"Most certainly. My view is that Mr. James Maybrick did not die from the effects of arsenic; but that he died from gastro-enteritis, set up by irritants and the effects of a cold contracted through getting wet at the Wirral races. I go further. I do not believe that murder was committed. It may appear a bold assertion, but I am supported by a statement of Lord Russell."

"What were the points upon which the doctors agreed?"

"There is no conflict of medical opinion on three essential questions. These are: (1) That the amount of a grain of arsenic found in the body was not sufficient to cause death; (2) that the cause of death was gastro-enteritis, or, in other words, congestion or acute inflammation of the stomach and bowels; (3) that gastro-enteritis may be set up by a variety of things besides arsenic."

"If Mr. Maybrick did not die from the effects of the administration of arsenic the charge against Mrs. Maybrick falls to the ground."

"Then, Mr. Lumley, you are doubtless aware of many new facts that have come to light since the trial, which tell greatly in the prisoner's favour?"

TRAMP WITH A CHILD.

The arrest of Isabel Whinton, alias Inglis, the young married woman who is charged with kidnapping Nellie Toomey from her home in St. George's-in-the-East, was brought about in a curious manner.

She went up to a policeman in Plumstead and asked whether she could be admitted to the local casual ward without an order. The woman's respectable appearance aroused the constable's curiosity, but he could get no reply to his questions. When he went off duty he happened to see at the police station a photograph of the woman who had spoken to him, and this resulted in her arrest on a charge of stealing the child.

According to the case for the prosecution, which was opened at the Thames Police-court yesterday, the woman, when she was arrested, asked, "Have you another case in hand of a little baby boy left in the Catholic Cathedral, Leeds, two years ago? I know all about it, and could tell how it was dressed?"

She subsequently stated that she received the child from a man and woman whom she met in Tower Gardens. The prisoner was remanded.

"Yes, and I consider the new evidence to be of a very serious character. For example, the original false-wash prescription containing arsenic, which had been given to Mrs. Maybrick by Dr. Bay, of New York, many years before the alleged crime, and subsequently made up in Paris for her use, has since been found. That I consider important."

"It can now be proved more fully than at the trial that Mr. Maybrick was in the habit of taking poisonous drugs, particularly strychnine, up to within a few days of his death."

Alluding to his association with Sir Charles Russell in connection with the efforts to procure a new trial, Mr. Lumley said:—

"Sir Charles Russell always had the Maybrick case at heart, and gladly took it up again, at the instance of American friends of the prisoner, three years after the trial had ended. My firm was engaged to be their intermediary in this country for that purpose."

"A case was prepared and an opinion was given that there existed no mode by which a new trial or a venire de novo could be obtained, nor could the prisoner be brought on a habeas corpus with the view of retrying the issue of her innocence or guilt."

Had there been in 1889 a Court of Appeal with power over such cases, Mrs. Maybrick would not, Mr. Lumley said, have suffered imprisonment.

THE JUDGE'S BIAS.

"After the trial, it will be remembered, Sir Charles Russell wrote to the Home Secretary, pointing out that the Judge, in his summing up, had honestly, if mistakenly, taken the view that the woman was guilty, and that view he persistently impressed upon the jury in a manner that would justify the trial being described as 'a trial by Judge rather than by jury.'"

It is important in any study of the Maybrick case to bear in mind that when Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary, respited the capital sentence, he did so on the express plea that there was sufficient ground to doubt whether the death had been caused by arsenical poisoning to justify a respite.

"Mrs. Maybrick was imprisoned, therefore, Sir Charles Russell pointed out to the Home Secretary, for an offence for which she was never tried, and for which she has not been judged guilty."

Lord Russell urged that that was in itself a most serious state of things. It was manifestly unjust that Mrs. Maybrick should suffer for a crime to which she had never been called upon to answer before any lawful tribunal.

"If the charge had been one of attempt to murder, the defence would have been different. The foundation on which the whole case rested," said Lord Russell, "was rotten, for, in fact, there was no murder. On the contrary, the man had died from natural causes."

REPEATED PROTESTS.

"Let me draw your attention," continued Mr. Lumley, "to an emphatic declaration Lord Russell addressed to Sir Matthew White-Ridley, which concluded with these words:

"I do not deny that my feelings are engaged in this case. It is impossible for me to stand by and see a woman tried and sentenced to death, and I now say, if called upon to advise in my character as head of the criminal judiciary of this country, I should advise you that Florence Maybrick ought to be allowed to go free."

"In 1898 Lord Russell again addressed the Home Secretary:

"I think it my duty to renew my protest against the continued imprisonment of Florence Maybrick. I consider the history of the case reflects discredit on the administration of the criminal laws."

HOOLEY COURT PUN.

Colonel Josiah Harris, who was called as a witness at last week's hearing of the proceedings against Messrs. Hoooley and Lawson, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud, made a complaint to the magistrate when the case was resumed at Bow-street yesterday.

He stated that as he was entering the court that morning Mr. Paine, the prosecutor, said to him, "Don't you know me? I'll give you pain." He regarded that as a veiled threat, and did not consider it proper for Mr. Paine to address him at all.

The magistrate agreed that it was improper. Mr. Paine: I said nothing of the sort. I merely said to a friend, "This is the gentleman who said he would give him pain to know me."

In this explanation Mr. Paine was referring to a remark which Colonel Harris let fall while giving his evidence. The witness-box was occupied again by Mr. Paine throughout yesterday's hearing. Mr. Bodkin, on behalf of Lawson, went into matters connected with the Construction Company in great detail. The hearing was again adjourned.

COUNSEL'S BITTER CRY.

Plenty of Briefs, But No Judge To Plead Before.

LAW COURTS DEADLOCK.

Out of fourteen King's Bench Judges only five, three of them forming a "Divisional Court," were sitting at the Law Courts yesterday.

This state of things was made the test of a bitter complaint addressed by Mr. Kemp, K.C., to Mr. Justice Phillimore. Mr. Kemp had been making a request that a special jury case in which he is "leading" should be "expedited." Mr. Justice Phillimore then pointed out that such "expedition" was well-nigh impossible. Most of the King's Bench Judges—the only Judges who take jury cases, special or otherwise—were on circuit, and likely to remain so, he said.

Thereupon Mr. Kemp, his voice tremulous with despair, made his bitter plaint. "I hope I am not offensive to anyone if I say that this state of things is terrible to the suitors, and terrible to the Bar," he cried.

And a murmur of approval, mingled with anguish, ran along the crowded benches where the juniors sat.

Outpaced by the Population.

Very gently and sympathetically Mr. Justice Phillimore administered all the comfort he could think of. Even Judges, he explained, could not be in two places at once.

Mr. Kemp: I understand that, my lord.

When the present establishment of Judges, his lordship proceeded, was set up the population they had to cater for was half what it is at the present time. Two Chancery Judges had been added, it was true, but this increase was only one of 5 or 10 per cent., instead of the hundred per cent. required to keep pace with the population.

If cases were only shorter, sighed the Judge, in conclusion, and did not average twice in seven days, as had happened in his own court during the past week—well, more of them could be taken per jury.

So Mr. Kemp had to console himself with the Judge's kindly sympathetic words.

The Law's Cruel Irony.

The ironical contrast to the King's Bench counsels' unhappy lot was what was happening in the two courts comprising the Probate and Divorce Division, where a probate field-day was being held.

Seven cases were on the paper, and all of them were disposed of, five being settled amicably in court. Taking part in these cases were Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., Mr. Bagnave Deane, K.C., Mr. Gill, K.C., Mr. Priestley, K.C., Mr. Duke, K.C., Mr. McCall, K.C., and juniors in proportion.

Harvest of Fees.

The amount of money earned by these gentlemen yesterday for one day's work in two courts—owing to the happy characteristic possessed by probate cases of being settled speedily when great minds come together—would almost buy an iron-clad.

LETTER-CARD LIBEL.

Mr. Inverness Watts, managing engineer to the Natural Gasfields Company, Heathfield, Sussex, recovered £75 damages for libel in the King's Bench Division yesterday from Mr. George D. Sargeant, who had been employed by the company.

The directors of the company received a letter-card, dated July 6, bearing the Tunbridge Wells postmark, and signed "J. Daw," in the course of which it was said, "You ought to know of the way you are robbed. . . . Your engineer is one of the worst."

Handwriting experts decided that Mr. Sargeant was the author of this letter.

Simultaneously with the inquest upon Sir W. Rattigan, an inquiry was being held into the death of Alfred Lockie, a man who assisted to get a gate to carry Sir William Rattigan. He was found dead in bed the following morning.

Cut out the page 12
Coupon and get a
high-class, servicable

FOUNTAIN
PEN FOR 2/6.

Sold only at this price
to advertise the
DAILY MIRROR.

THE CITY.

Sharp Drop in Consols Owing to the Oape Fiasco—Below 90.

The summer holidays appear to be having a bad effect upon Stock Exchange business, and members who have not gone away turn up only for the purpose of watching the market. The miserable Cape loan fiasco has caused a general relapse among gilt-edged stocks, the underwriters, who got considerable sums of money by the sale of the bonds, having to sell Consols and other investment stocks to pay for a security they would have preferred to have done without. Consols were at 89½, money being plentiful, and the Cape 3½ per cent. scrip fell to 1 discount, or 94 for the fully paid-up stock.

Prices were dull in the foreign market after their recent rise. Japanese bonds were not affected by the official contradiction of a new loan rumour. Copper shares were exceptionally strong. There was also some demand for Guatemalan and Colombian bonds for the Continent.

If the Home Railway market had been left to itself it is probable that a general improvement would have taken place, but the morning rise was lost later, owing to the sharp drop in Consols. The underdone of the market was, however, firm, and, with the dividend period approaching, it is probable that we shall see higher prices soon.

The American market was much less buoyant yesterday, and after a good opening prices relaxed on profit-taking, and finished off in the Street at the lowest of the day.

Canadian Rails were inactive and rather dull. Foreign Rails were also out of favour for the moment. Silver lost Wednesday's advance.

The Miscellaneous market was almost featureless. Hudson's Bays gave way to 40½ and London Dock declined to 72.

South Africans moved within narrow limits, and closed almost unchanged on the day. A slight revival took place in a few Egyptian mining ventures. Westralians were dull and idle, and the Egyptian shares were also offered.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2½ per cent.	89½	89½
Do Account	89½	89½
India 5 per cent.	90½	90½
London C. S. 3½ per cent.	90½	90½
Nat. War Loan	91½	91½
Transvaal Loan	92½	92½
* Argentine 1896-1903	101½	101½
* Do Funding 1903	102½	102½
Brazilian 5 per cent. 1889-72	77½	77½
Do 4 per cent. 1889-72	77½	77½
Do 5 per cent. 1889-72	77½	77½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1889-90	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1890-91	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1891-92	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1892-93	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1893-94	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1894-95	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1895-96	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1896-97	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1897-98	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1898-99	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1899-00	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1900-01	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1901-02	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1902-03	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1903-04	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1904-05	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1905-06	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1906-07	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1907-08	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1908-09	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1909-10	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1910-11	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1911-12	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1912-13	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1913-14	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1914-15	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1915-16	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1916-17	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1917-18	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1918-19	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1919-20	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1920-21	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1921-22	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1922-23	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1923-24	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1924-25	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1925-26	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1926-27	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1927-28	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1928-29	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1929-30	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1930-31	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1931-32	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1932-33	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1933-34	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1934-35	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1935-36	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1936-37	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1937-38	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1938-39	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1939-40	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1940-41	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1941-42	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1942-43	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1943-44	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1944-45	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1945-46	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1946-47	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1947-48	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1948-49	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1949-50	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1950-51	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1951-52	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1952-53	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1953-54	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1954-55	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1955-56	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1956-57	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1957-58	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1958-59	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1959-60	100½	100½
Chinese 5 per cent. 1960-61	100½	100½
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1904.

THE "AXE TO GRIND" AGAIN.

The Government had two nasty knocks yesterday. The result of Chertsey, it is true, hit the Liberals even harder than the Conservatives, for their tremendous efforts only succeeded in inducing between 200 and 300 voters to change their minds. Still, the loss of even two or three hundred supporters in a constituency where the villa vote predominates is an unhealthy sign.

The other blow to Mr. Balfour was the denunciation by the ultra-Conservative "Standard" of what are believed to be Mr. Arnold-Forster's Army proposals. It is quite possible that, if these really include, besides reductions in the Regular forces, a large decrease of Volunteers and the abolition of the Militia, they may bring about the downfall of the Ministry.

All the more is this likely for the reason that the scheme is the most sensible which has yet been put forward. The House of Commons neither knows nor cares what kind of an army this country desires. But it does care very much about what its Volunteer and Militia constituents will say if they are not gently treated, and it will behave accordingly.

A paper scheme, an unreal reform, a plan which sounds well and has no particular meaning—that kind of thing always goes down with the House of Commons. Proposals with brains behind them which strike at the roots of evils demanding cure—these are unpopular because they always disturb some "vested interest."

There are too many "vested interests" in this country, too many institutions that are given a spurious value merely because they have been going on a long time. What we have to remember is that no real reform can be carried without offending somebody. The question is whether "somebody's" interest or the nation's interest ought to be put first.

TIME FOR A CHANGE.

"There is one thing England can boast of—that is her prisons. Three months won't hurt me."

We are quite ready to accept the assurance of the three-months'-hard gentleman, who made this remark at West Ham, that his sentence won't hurt him. But we do not at all agree that England ought to be proud of prisons which have no terrors for such as him.

Prisons ought to be made thoroughly uncomfortable places. They ought to be so planned as to remind prisoners every minute why they are there. We have no sympathy with the flabby sentimentalists who urge that a prison should be conducted like a first-class hotel.

The greater the discomfort of prison life the less crime there will be. A man who can say, "Three months won't hurt me," points out a radical defect in our system. It ought to hurt him. It is meant to hurt him. When prisoners take to speaking up for prison, it is high time a change was made.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The Civill respects to be learned from a garden are many; for the delight of the varieties, both of forms, colours, and properties of Herbes and Flowers, hath ever been powerfull over dull, un-nurtured, rusticke, and savage people, led only by Nature's instinct; how much more powerfull is it, or should be, in the minds of generous persons? for it may well be said, he is not humane, that is not allured with this object!—John Parkinson (Apothecary of London, 1629).

This is Mr. Chamberlain's sixty-eighth birthday. He does not look it, but then he did not look young when he began life, so it is only fair that Time should spare him now. His thirty-four years of private life, six years of local politics, and twenty-eight years of Parliament, have left him in appearance still a man in the prime of life. He had made up his mind a few years ago—or at all events he said so—to retire from public life at the end of this Parliament, but his South African tour made him change his mind about that.

He is counted on for a good fighting speech at the dinner which the Unionist M.P.s who are fiscal reformers give him this evening, and it is just possible he may take the opportunity to make a very interesting statement, indeed. For his own part, he would welcome a general election without delay. He does not suppose that fiscal reform would have a majority in the new House of Commons, but he would be quite willing to see the Liberals in office for a year or two while he continued the "education of the country."

But a general election is not likely to happen yet awhile. The best-informed gossip in the political clubs is to the effect that neither side want one at present, for the reason that neither side has enough money to meet the very heavy expenses which a general election entails. The party chests

are not at all well plenshed, and members show an increasing disinclination to defray their own election expenses. They refuse altogether to pay them more than about once every six years or so.

If there is one man in London more tired than most this morning, it ought to be Mr. Beerbohm Tree. His concluding appearance of this season last night included the parts of Richard III., Malvolio, the old Japanese statesman in the "Darling of the Gods," and "The Man Who Was." Even the physical fatigue of dressing and undressing four times must have been a strain. Yet I have not a doubt that Mr. Tree has got up to-day as fresh and eager as a man can be. He has found out the secret of perpetual activity without getting tired.

That, and the fact that he has never made a speciality of any particular line of parts, account for Mr. Tree's success. Kitty Clive, the famous actress, was once watching David Garrick from the wings. "D—him," she exclaimed in good-tempered annoyance at his cleverness; "d—him, he could act a gridiron." One might say the same of Mr. Tree (omitting Mistress Kitty's expletive!), for one cannot even imagine a part of which he would not give some sort of a presentable account. He may not have Garrick's genius, but he has all "little David's" versatility.

"EVERY PICTURE TELLS ITS STORY."



(With apologies to Dean's Sackache Kidney Pills.)

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

The Mullah ("Mad" no longer).

His motto, which he brands on trees to show the way he has passed, is, "No one can touch me," and we have had painful experience that this is no mere empty boast.

When this "man, in the prime of life, dark-coloured, tall, and thin, with a small goat-beard," was first heard of, in 1889, he was for some reason nicknamed the "Mad Mullah" ("mullah" merely means "religious teacher"), and the epithet pleased the British Public, and stuck.

Now he is called "mad" no longer. There has been far too much method in his proceedings for us to suppose him anything but exceptionally sane. Four British officers of high rank have been in command of expeditions against him. He has De Wet-ed them all, and now he has just turned up again, as if the whole place belonged to him.

Mr. Ritchie, in the House of Commons early this year, spoke what was in the minds of most people when he said he was afraid we should never "locate" the Mullah; that if we did "locate" him, we should never catch him; and that for his part he did not clearly see "the end of the job."

The only satisfactory end would be an agreement with him to leave the Somalis, who are our friends, in peace, in return for an undertaking that we would not worry him any more. It is true, our worrying does not amount to much, but it keeps him on the run, and perhaps he would like to sit down now and rest.

THE SEASON OF HOOPS.

It has recently been suggested that Lloyd's should issue special insurances to cyclists against death and mutilation from children's hoops, which, being entirely uncontrolled, constitute a graver danger than runaway horses or motor-cars. Hoops are now in season.

When the road is spread with mire,
And the traffic stirs your ire,
And the skidding of your tyre
Turns you sick,
An iron hoop comes bounding,
Which a little boy is hounding
With a pertinacious pounding
And a stick.

You mark each leap and curve
With agitated nerve,
Till it takes a sudden swerve
And a swoop;
Then the air is jarred and jangled,
And your visage mangled and mangled,
And your bicycle entangled
In a hoop.

But never mourn or dread
If your bicycle lies dead,
And the bumps upon your head
Throb and swell.
Though disaster like a rocket
Bowls you over, you can mock it,
For with policy in pocket
All is well.

JESSIE POPE.

Pretty Lady Bingham deserves as much credit as anyone for getting her husband in at Chertsey. She worked hard, and so did his mother, Lady Lucan. The new member's wife has naturally a higher opinion of his abilities than most people. One day during the contest she was talking to a woman with whom she had fallen in by chance. "Lord Bingham can't speak a bit," was her chance acquaintance's opinion. Lady Bingham mildly dissented. "Well, I know, because I've heard him," said the other, to which Lady Bingham retorted, "Well, I know better, because I'm his wife!"

All actors or actresses who can claim any degree of fame will be at Regent's Park this afternoon working hard to "make a ghost walk" at the Orphanage Fund Fête. The racket match between eleven of men and of women is still exciting the greatest interest. Last night, at a theatre in the Strand, where two of the lady cricketers are engaged, a practice game in a dressing-room, with hairbrush for bat and powder-puff for ball, very nearly delayed the action of the piece.

The men are founding their hopes of victory chiefly upon Mr. Aubrey Smith. This tall, handsome actor was famous as a cricketer long before he went on the stage. He played for Sussex as an amateur, and was a member of the team that went to Australia in 1887. Before this he had played for Cambridge both at cricket and football, which they taught him at Charterhouse, where he first met a small boy called Cyril Maude, as well as a rather larger one, known even then as "B.P."

Another member of the team from whom something is expected is Mr. Hayden Coffin. At all events, he will "draw" a certain number of spectators. For he is still regarded as one of the best-looking men on the stage (from a woman's point of view). Not all women are of this opinion, it is true. Once, as he was leaving the theatre after a matinee, he noticed two rather pretty girls outside the stage door, and just as he got into his cab one of them said quite audibly, "Oh, what a disappointment." Possibly it was this same young woman who asked him for a photograph, and when he inquired whether she would have one in costume or ordinary dress said, "Just give me one of your plain self."

Judge Parker's nomination to-day as Democratic candidate for the U.S. Presidency in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt seems to be pretty certain. A great effort is being made to secure for him both poetic and domestic influence. The following lines, written by him to his parents at the age of eighteen, are being spread about broadcast:—

Though storms may rise and waves may roll
Between my home and me,
Still will my queenless memories turn
With undying love for thee.

The other candidates are reported to be doing their best to drop into poetry, but so far no results are to hand.

Mr. Parker has had an unadventurous, but very creditable, life. He was a farmer's son, and used to work in the fields all summer, while he went to school in the winter. Then he "taught school" himself, leaning up law at the same time, so as to become first a lawyer's clerk and then a lawyer on his own account. After that he got on fast. He still farms, and prefers it to talking politics, which is, for an American politician, odd, to say the least of it!

No man is more heart-sick over the dropping of the Aliens Bill than Major Evans-Gordon, M.P., who on Monday is to speak at a great protest meeting in the East End. He it is who has been the most prominent advocate of a check upon the flooding of East London by the scum of the earth. He sits for Stepney, so he knows what it means. Major Gordon is such a pleasant, good-looking fellow, that you do not realise at first the real "grit" of him. He is married to a marchioness (the widow of the late Lord Tweeddale), and Lady Jeune is his sister-in-law, so you can't teach him much about the art of winning elections—and popularity.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Why Have the Government Dropped the Aliens Bill Instead of Forcing It Through Like the Licensing Bill?

Because they are not really in earnest about wanting it to get through.

If they dropped the Licensing Bill, they know that the brewers and publicans would do nothing to put them in power again. They do not understand how deep a feeling there is in favour of keeping Britain for the British and stopping certain parts of the country from being made the sink of Europe.

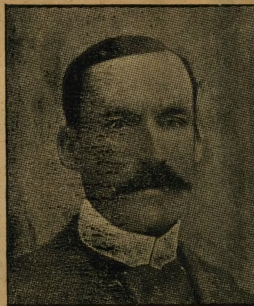
All the influence of the Rothschilds and of certain other Government supporters has been exerted to get the Bill dropped, and the Liberals also are against any check upon the flood of undesirable foreigners, which pour constantly in upon us. So, to save further trouble, the Government have given way.

LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ILL-FATED NORGE.



The lost Atlantic liner Norge. This photograph was taken as the vessel left Europe on her ill-fated voyage to New York.

M.P. FOR CHERTSEY.



Lord Bingham, the successful Conservative candidate at the Chertsey election. He defeated Mr. Sadler by a majority of 549 votes. At the last election the Conservative majority was over 1,100.

COMPETITORS



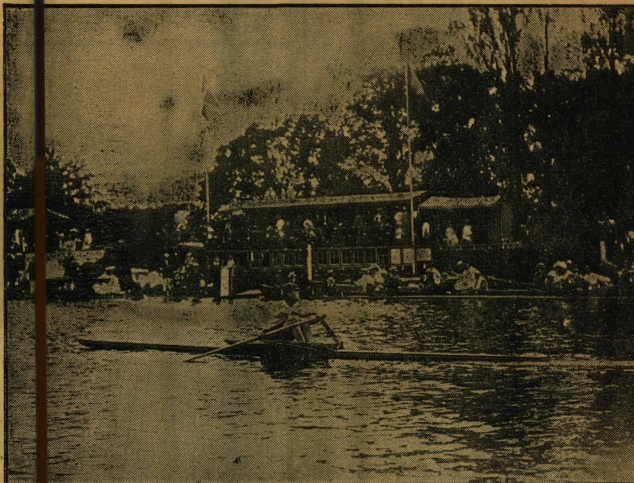
Colonial marksmen practising at Bisleigh. Our photograph shows several "centuries" have been registered by the colonists.

RUSSIA'S MAHOMMEDAN SOLDIERS.



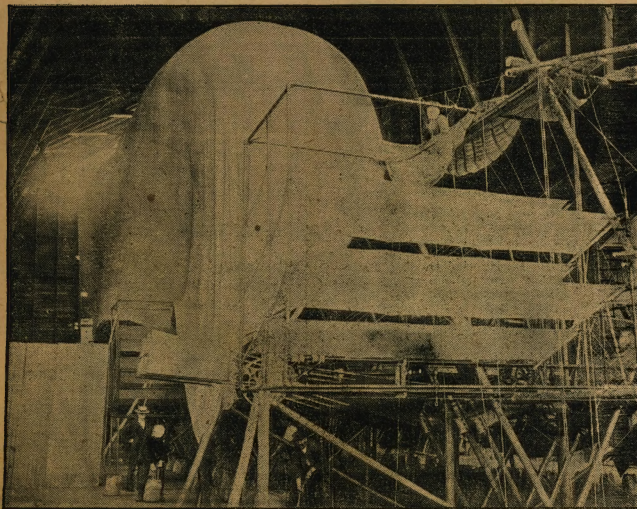
A large portion of Russia's vast Army is composed of Asiatics. Our photograph depicts Mahomedan recruits being sworn in at Orenburg, in South-East Russia, by a Mussulman priest.

THE WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS.

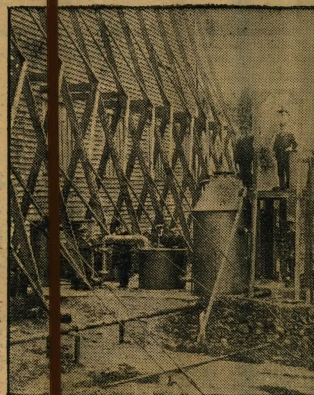


Snap shot from Henley, showing L. F. Scholes winning his sensational heat against F. S. Kelly in the race for the Diamond Sculls. Yesterday this Canadian oar man won the final, beating A. H. Cloutte, of the London Rowing Club, by a length and a quarter.

MAMMOTH AIRSHIP TO MAKE HER MAIDEN TRIP SHORTLY.



Filling the huge balloon of the Barton airship at the Alexandra Palace. This ship is now completed and is expected to make her maiden trip shortly.



Dr. Barton, whose great airship is expected to make an ascent shortly. The doctor is indicated by a cross, while immediately on his left is a gas generator. It was the explosion of a generator that caused the accident last Monday morning and injured the doctor.

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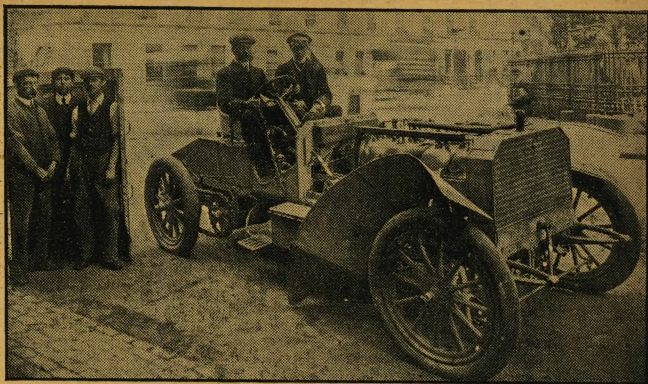
Snap shot from the Graf Waldersee, showing some of the crew about to leave for New York. Over 1,500 sailed from the Continent, quite a number of them were taken from the Continent, quite a number from Russia. They included people of thirteen

FROM NATAL SHOOTING AT BISLEY.



ph depicts the team from Natal, who will shoot for the coveted Kolapore Cup. Already al competitors, and British marksmen will have to look well to their laurels if they wish to win the cup.—(Photograph by Knight.)

A MAMMOTH MOTOR-CAR.



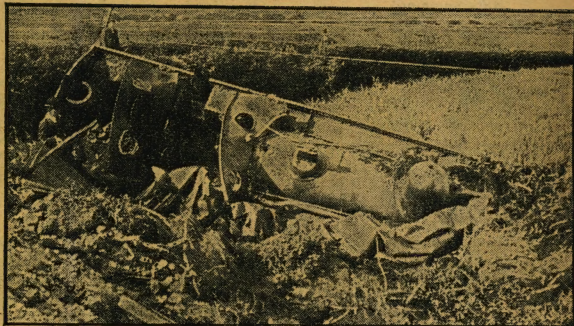
The biggest motor-car in England. It is of 150 horse power, and is in many respects a wonderful piece of machinery. Some idea of its immense size may be gauged by comparing the bonnet with the three men standing inside it. The bonnet is the covering that is placed over the engine of the car.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ABERCORN'S BIRTHDAY.



the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn celebrates her ninety-second birthday. This remarkable lady less than 160 descendants, who are many of them seen in this photograph, though they could not all be taken together.—(Photograph by Downey.)

LOCOMOTIVE PLUNGES INTO A BOG.

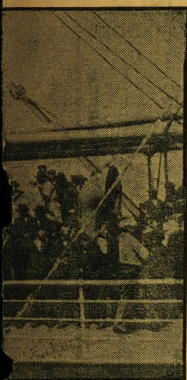


The Llandudno-Bettws-y-Coed express locomotive, which got out of control on Tuesday, and after making a wild flight down the line ran down an embankment into a bog.



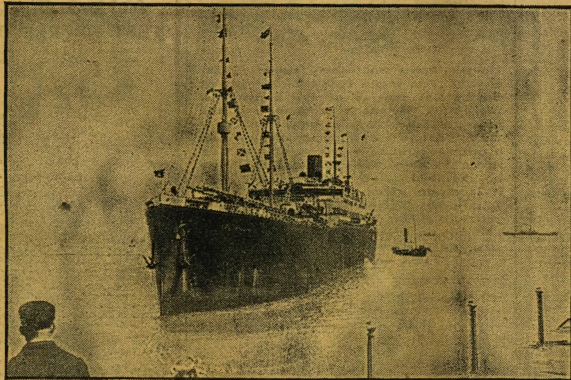
The seven coaches were thrown off the lines and overturned. Fortunately, the six passengers escaped serious injury, the engine-driver having suffered most.

N AIRING.



of the "two pounders" this boat. The majority umber of them coming fferent nationalities.

ATLANTIC LINERS TO CALL AT DOVER.



Dover is to become a port of call for the big Atlantic liners, and a special pier has been built to receive them. Our photograph depicts the Graf Waldersee, one of the biggest of the German liners, approaching the pier.

FOXHOUNDS ON EXHIBITION.



Judging foxhounds at the Foxhound Show, Peterborough. The animals seen in the ring are among the finest in this country. The Duke of Beaufort is seen in the enclosure.

FASHIONABLE NEEDLEWORK—A GOOD GUINEA'S WORTH.

TAFFETAS ROSES.

TRIMMINGS THE DEFT-FINGERED WOMAN CAN MAKE.

We have a bad habit of deprecating everything modern, but surely no age has produced more exquisitely-trimmed garments than this one.

Taffetas is the most fashionable medium, and is treated in such a manner as to have the appearance of being actually moulded into graceful adornments. A quaint, full skirt of taffetas will be surrounded half-way up by flat, kilted trimmings set in the narrowest crossway borders, and arranged in interlacing, waved lines. Then down the front will come a row of intricate little flat bows of pleated silk.

Another gown will have this same quaint line of bows, padded out with cotton-wool to secure a

who is clever at fancy work. Dress trimmings are indeed the favourite fancy work of to-day, and these cleverly manipulated embellishments of glass silk give scope for most interesting stitchery and ingenious designs.

A charming model, for instance, has down either side of the front little wreaths of tiny roses and their leaves in pink and green glaze, an idea which might well be copied at home.

Another very charming notion is found on the deep lace collar of a pale green cloth evening coat. The cape has lace bordered with a strap of

Elbow sleeves have really found favour this summer among our elegants, and are certainly very cool in appearance and comfortable in wear. The blouse depicted is one made of corn-yellow batiste, with cockade buttons of white lace on the crossed fronts and deep lace elbow flounces.



raised effect. It is, indeed, the moment of the bow, which is found figuring on both day and evening dresses.

A debutante at to-night's State Ball is to have her striped taffetas silk gown garlanded with roses and their leaves actually made of the same silk. The velvet train of a recent bride turned over down each side to show a lining of rich, thick silk applique with a raised design of mulberries and their leaves carried out in the silk.

All these dainty trimmings, absolutely beyond the capacity or knowledge of the little dressmaker, and giving the unmistakable stamp of a good house to any gown, may yet be copied by a lady

cloth, and a straggly design of stalks and leaves in green taffetas connect the two. The stalks are formed of a thick piping cord covered with the silk. Small pieces of accordion-pleated silk cut to shape and hemmed at either edge compose the leaves. They are sewn on to the material by a piece of the cord going down the centre to simulate the veining.

For cravats and waistbands taffetas pompons and tassels are the correct thing, and here again the woman who is an adept with her needle has the advantage. The pompons, which are often made in different sizes and strung one below the other on a silk cord, are mounted on a ball of cotton-wool, and generally gathered into a tuck going round the centre. The tassels are made of a strip of silk measuring twelve inches long and three inches wide. This is sewn up and turned inside out. Then, at a distance of an inch from one end, twelve tiny tucks are run and gathered up to form the head of the tassel, the untucked part representing the fringe.

Flowers Made of Straw.

Cliffion roses are no new story, but more fashionable than they were, and as lovely as ever. Scattered over a lace dress they give it a grace it did not possess before. These may also be made at home. The petals, used double, made of tiny pieces of chiffon, are gathered up and sewn one over the other. Green chenille forms the leaves and stalks.

The two latest developments of this age for constructing the queen of flowers from materials other than those to which we are accustomed take the form of roses of straw and of ribbon. Straw roses are made in the tiniest size and in various impossible shades of blue and mauve. Ribbon roses appear with the inner petals in pale pink, and the outer in a darker shade. Each petal is made separately, the selvedge forming the edge thereof, and here, again, an amateur can vie with the professional.

TWO MILITARY WEDDINGS.

Two society weddings were celebrated in London yesterday.

At Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, Lady Mabel Campbell, Earl Cawdor's second daughter, was married to Major Henry Beresford-Peirse, D.S.O., eldest son of Sir Henry Beresford-Peirse.

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Captain Geoffrey Skeffington Smyth, D.S.O., led to the altar the Hon. Violet Monckton, only daughter of Viscount Galway.

The presents at the two weddings number over 1,000.

WHAT IS TEMPERAMENT?

THE QUALITY THAT MAKES OR MARS.

Women are much like the flowers of the earth when you consider how varied they are in looks and moods, and ambitions and temperament. Observe the little mouse of a creature, so timid and shrinking, and tiny and modest; then regard the plump woman, with her settled opinions that cannot be changed. Listen to the sweet voice of one and the rasping tones of another. Pay heed to the girl of wide sympathies, and place beside her the cold, sensitive creature, whose selfishness blots all else away except her own discomforts and small misfortunes.

Of all beauty attributes there is not one so powerful, so compelling, or of such tremendous strength as temperament or personality. It is almost impossible to tell just what it is, for it is never the same in two cases. One hears a great deal about the "artistic temperament," especially from young girls who are fond of appearing serious and who do not quite know what they are serious about. Others have the audacity to be really rude and disagreeable, and to say that their manner is

that is summed up under the term a fascinating personality.

An attractive personality may be acquired by smothering all the unpleasant impulses and angry moods that are ready to burst forth now and again, and by putting oneself out a little in order to make others happy and comfortable. Let sympathy have free scope, and be considerate of the people who are around you. Be gentle with the aged and tender with children. Read good books and learn to appreciate the wisdom and philosophy of those who understood all these interesting matters in the past, and temperament will accrue to you and be found a most precious possession.

FELINE!

Old Cat: Your husband said the other day he had married both brains and beauty.

New Friend: Sweet of him, wasn't it?

Old Cat: Very; but I'd no notion he'd been married before.—"Philadelphia Press."

THE WISDOM OF GLADSTONE.

The late Mr. Gladstone used frequently to remark how careless his friend, John Bright, was of his health. It was generally believed that Mr. Bright never sought medical advice; but this was not quite correct, for the great Liberal orator one day astonished Sir Andrew Clark with his presence in that well-known physician's consulting-room.

And yet Mr. Bright lived to be seventy-eight; so that we see, in spite of his alleged carelessness in matters of health, he lived to be an old man, and overlapped the average term of life. Mr. Gladstone almost climbed up into the nineties—but then Mr. Gladstone was all his life keenly watchful of his health and wisely safeguarded it. Even if Mr. Bright had made a better record than Mr. Gladstone, still the latter's practice would have been right and the former's wrong. It is the general average that tells the story.

In the autumn of 1889 (the year Mr. Bright died) Mrs. M. A. Bathurst, of Yelden Higham Ferrers, began to realise that her health was failing. She felt low and weak without knowing why. She lost all relish for food, and often after her meagre meals endured much pain at the chest and sides, a tendency which increased until eating changed from a pleasure to a dread necessity. After a year this misery was intensified by an attack of acute rheumatism. "My legs, ankles, and knees were stiff and painful, and the joints swollen," wrote Mrs. Bathurst on 5th October, 1898, "so that I had great difficulty in getting about. I tried many medicines, internal and external, but obtained no more than a slight temporary relief from the best of them until my attention was called to Mother Seigel's Syrup. That remedy completely rid me both of indigestion and rheumatism, so that I now live and work in comfort."

As it is sometimes alleged against rapid cures that their good effects are not lasting, we would again refer to the case of Mrs. Bathurst in proof that, however true this may be of many other medicines, it is certainly not true of Mother Seigel's Syrup. "Six years have now passed," writes Mrs. Bathurst, on March 24, 1904, "since I was cured of indigestion and rheumatism by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and there has been no return of either complaint. My appetite is good, and I have no need to exercise special care as to what I eat. In fact my general health is excellent, though I still take a dose of the Syrup now and again as a safeguard against a return of the rheumatism."

Mrs. Bathurst's precaution would have commended itself to Mr. Gladstone, who, in matters of health, would leave nothing to chance.

Torturing Eczema

IS CURED BY
'ANTEXEMA'
TEST IT FREE OF CHARGE.

"Antexema" cures the unbearable burning of Eczema. That dreadful irritation is instantly stopped by the application of this cooling remedy, which brings rest and sleep to the sufferer, while curing the trouble.

If you have Eczema or any annoying skin trouble, the "Antexema" Treatment will certainly cure it and take away every disagreeable trace.

Mr. A. S. W. writes: "I got instant relief from 'Antexema,' and a 1/11 bottle cured me. My back was all inflamed, and I was in much pain."

Mr. W. T. writes: "'Antexema' has cured my bad leg, which I have had for years."

Before use. Mr. G. H. writes: "'Antexema' has cured the rash which I had down my back, which caused me much uneasiness."

The number of letters testifying to the value of "Antexema" is great. Some are given in a pamphlet, and show the enormous number of skin troubles cured by "Antexema." The one regret expressed by the writers is that they did not know of "Antexema" sooner. These genuine testimonials can be seen at our offices. We are proud to show them.

After use.

Don't delay. One 1/11 Bottle is enough to work many cures, and should find a place in every home. It is sold by Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d., or post free in plain wrapper for 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. to-day, holding "Daily Mirror" or enclosing stamped envelope, and receive (1) Generous Free Trial of "Antexema," (2) Valuable Treatise on Skin Troubles, (3) Two hundred testimonials to "Antexema."

ANTEXEMA CO., 35, Cattle-road, LONDON, S.W.

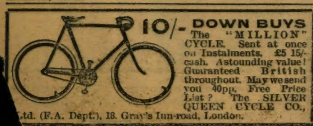
BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-Class Custards—Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes—The unfailing resource of every successful hostess.

Rich in Nutrient—Delicate in Flavour.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

Hay Fever.

"Science Siftings," the great authority on the purity of foods and drugs, says:—"Recent experiments have proved to us that Icilina Natural Water sprayed into the Nostrils is a cure for and preventive of hay-fever." Icilina Water soothes and cures mosquito and goat bites quicker than any artificial remedy. Bottles, 6d. and 1s.—ICILINA CO., Ltd. (Dept. D), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London, W.C.



10/- (P.A. Dept.), 13, Gray's Inn-road, London.

"LOOSE SIDE OF KISSING."

Clergymen on the Outcry Against Old-Fashioned Sunday School Games.

"The girls they are awfully frivolous."
The parson he said with a groan.
And the boys off in the Sunday school
Won't leave the young ladies to laze.
I've seen them all behind their books,
And I've seen those boys for a lark
Kissing the girls," said the clerk.
"I've done it myself," said the clerk.
"I've done it myself," said the clerk.

This college song had vogue at the time the present bishops were undergraduates, and its memory lingers with them still. Several have raised their voices against the supposed evils of kissing at Sunday school treats, brought into notice recently by the Rev. F. B. Meyer.

"I quite disagree," said the senior curate of an East End parish, "but, whatever you do, you must not mention my name, or I shall be hauled over the coals. But there is such a lot of canting insinuation in this present agitation against kissing that I am determined to be outspoken.

"The bishops and older Nonconformist ministers make the mistake of comparing our admirably-conducted Sunday school treats with the outings of twenty or thirty years ago, when the Sunday school

teachers played the kissing games, and the children looked on and munched buns.

"Children play kissing games, not for the sake of kissing, but for the fun of the ring game, and it is absolutely wicked to suggest that little children of five to twelve understand anything of the kissing our worthy bishops allude to."

Archdeacon Sinclair was interviewed by a *Mirror* representative and asked to give his opinion on the so-called loose side of kissing at school fêtes. "It is so long since I had anything to do with parish work—fifteen years—that I do not feel able to speak on the subject. I recall, however, my previous ten years of parish work at Westminster. There, on the days of our school outings, the children were accompanied by mother and friends, as well as the school teachers, and were well looked after."

The Archdeacon said he is not a believer in the charges that promiscuous kissing goes on at Church Sunday school outings.

MELODRAMA AT THE IMPERIAL.

"The Password," the one-act play which was produced last night at the Imperial Theatre, deals with the love of a Russian Countess for a young officer. Both are, unknown to each other, nihilists. Complications ensue when the Minister of Justice informs the Countess that her lover is about to be arrested. To save him the Countess murders the Minister, and the rest is left to the imagination.

The piece is frankly melodramatic. However, it affords an opportunity for playgoers to see Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sugden once more on the London stage.

DOOR-TO-DOOR DAIRY.

Milkmaid and Her Cows Parade Suburban Streets.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

In the streets of Leytonstone, where the surroundings are far from pastoral, this salutation now comes glibly from the tongues of sprightly clerks each morning as they hurry Citywards.

For, though the green pastures and the steaming byres are far afield, a comely dairymaid, in charge of four sleek "milkers," is to be met with in the heart of villadom.

An enterprising dairymaid has adopted for his motto, "Milking done at your own doors!" Each morning four cows, attended by two white-coated farm-hands, set out from his establishment and parade the streets. Behind them trips a neatly-dressed dairymaid, carrying a milking-stool.

When a customer appears the milkmaid plants down her stool and with her head archly poised against the cow's side, proceeds to execute the purchaser's order. The customer having been satisfied with the required pint or quart, the little procession continues its round. Instead of the customary cry "Milk, ho!" the door-to-door dairy procession substitutes one of "Warm milk!"

To the housewife, for long the victim of chalk and water and other milk-like compositions, the advantages of the new system of distribution are obvious. Whether the local authorities regard the enterprise so favourably has not transpired.

BANK CLERKS AS OFFICERS.

Berths for City Men in the Forth-coming Naval Manoeuvres.

Submarines and bank clerks as naval officers will be the two novel features of this year's naval manoeuvres.

The clerks come from the Bank of England and other London banks, and rank as assistant paymasters in the Royal Naval Reserve.

In calling up the R.N.R. assistant paymasters for service with the royal fleets the Admiralty seem anxious to give them a favourable impression of their duties. "Make them as comfortable as possible," is the official instruction to the captains of the ships that will carry these bank clerk officers, who, although entitled by their rank to use the gunroom only, are to mess in the wardroom. Perhaps the Admiralty think gunroom company might be a little too lively for the new A.P.s.

They are to sleep in cots instead of hammocks, and to have towels and sheets supplied to them free. These luxuries the naval officer has to pay for.

Next Tuesday the cruiser Thames goes to Holyhead with the submarine flotilla. There she will be joined by three new vessels of the same type as the *Al*, which was lost. All will take part in the manoeuvres. The dockyards are busy getting vessels ready for these operations, and the mobilisation is expected to take place on the 18th inst.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XXXI. (continued.)

Margaret Chevenix walked slowly back to the house, leaving the Premier standing on the lawn. She hardly realised what had happened to her. She suddenly suspected that she had lost her husband's identity. To suppose that he was any other than the real Robert Chevenix seemed a palpable absurdity, a delusion bordering on the verge of madness—and yet she felt vaguely worried, strangely and unaccountably troubled.

Try as she would she could not banish certain thoughts, thoughts that frightened her. There was a subtle difference between the Robert Chevenix whom she had adored so passionately and the man as he now appeared. A different ring in the voice, more depth in the grey eyes, a firmer footstep.

"I am a nervous fool," Margaret muttered the words half aloud as she walked up the wide staircase. "This is a case of over-wrought nerves with a vengeance. Dr. Seton was quite right when he said I had run down pitifully." But though she comforted herself by this reflection, her doubts were not really put to rest. "I shall be so thankful," she admitted, "when Robert calls me by the old pet name to-night. Oh, when I see the faded word on his dear arm, how I shall laugh at all my foolish fears and that absurd fancies. He cannot be any other than the man he calls himself. Why, the mere idea is ridiculous."

Margaret found her maid in the room busily engaged in turning out drawers, and putting away gloves and handkerchiefs. The bed was covered with a medley of gowns and dresses; skirts had been taken out of the wardrobe to be brushed, and it was evident that the maid was very busy, and had no wish to be disturbed at her task.

Margaret glanced at her with some irritation, watching her fold up a pair of long lavender-stained gloves and put them away carefully in a carved sandal-wood glove-box. Could the young woman not perceive of her own intuition that this was not a time in which to discuss ribbons and laces with a woman who had just been struck by a sudden fear, and who was still sick and staggering from the blow.

Margaret spoke sharply to the maid, and the girl looked up surprised, for it was not like her soft-mannered, gentle mistress. "I cannot have you in my room poking about like this, Holmes; it is undecorated just now," she said, with flashing eyes. "Go away at once; push the fibrous straight back into the drawer; can't you hurry? I tell you I want to be alone." Then, as the young woman made a hasty exit, Margaret called her back imperiously, and gave her a message for the Premier. "Tell Mr. Chevenix not to forget my request, Holmes."

She stood up erect and motionless till the door had finally closed on the maid, and then, making a hasty movement across the room, she fell on her knees by the side of her bed, clutching at the pink silk counterpane, pressing it against her mouth to deaden her sobbing moans.

No tears came to her relief, and her cheeks were dry and her eyes glittered feverishly, but her body shook with long shudders and her sobs became more and more uncontrollable and violent.

"Great Heaven," she muttered, "it must only be a foolish fancy on my part; yet she knew in her own heart that she had some grounds for the doubts that so distressed her. She wondered dreamily why no suspicions had ever visited her before. She had been wandering gaily on the very edge of a precipice, and now she had suddenly fallen, and was struggling in the deep waters below the cliff. Yes, the waves were closing over her head; she could hear the roar of the water floods."

Robert Chevenix smiled with approval an hour later when Margaret entered the drawing-room.

She was still faithful to the colour she had adopted as her own, and her frock of grey was a joy to the eye, for a clever Frenchwoman had draped it with soft cream-coloured lace, and put a tiny bunch of velvet edgeweave on one shoulder, the starry white flowers contrasting charmingly with the grey frock, whilst the sleeves of grey chiffon hung loose and flowing from shoulder straps of black velvet. In addition, Margaret wore a plain band of black velvet round her slim, white throat.

Exhaustion had drained her face and lips of colour, but her pallor suited her, and her eyes were dazzling, glittering like stars on a frosty night, whilst the black circles rimming them only showed up their brilliance.

The Premier advanced to meet his wife, and raised her hand to his lips with old-world gallantry. "My dear Margaret, you look quite delightful," he said, with a bland smile. "I don't wonder you have won the name of the lavender lady." The man was hoping against hope that Margaret would be too impressed by his affectionate manner to refer to the matter of the pet name again, and, if she did, he had decided on his course of action.

The butler entered to announce dinner, and the Premier offered his arm to Margaret in order that he might lead her into the dining-room. She took it nervously, but her fingers hardly touched his coat, and she seemed to shrink away from him as he passed arm in arm down the long hall, or he fancied that she shrank.

Margaret was very silent during dinner, and her husband noticed that she scarcely ate anything, but she allowed the butler to fill her glass up again and again, and she drained her glass with feverish thirst, gripping the delicate stem of the wineglass with nervous, convulsive fingers, gulping the wine down in deep draughts.

The menservants retired after placing dessert on the table, but Margaret, after playing with a few strawberries, rose from the table, putting her hand up to her forehead.

"I have got a bad headache," she said, slowly, not looking at the Premier, but keeping her eyes fixed on the floor. "So I think I will get a cloak and go and sit in the garden. Please tell the servants that I don't want coffee, the night air may do me good, and you will join me under the trees, I hope, and smoke a cigarette?" She made the suggestion feeling that what she had to say would be better told out in the cool of the dark.

Robert Chevenix glanced up with some relief, a headache might account for so much. No wonder Margaret looked pale and had eaten so little; a racking pain in the brow is not conducive to a sharp appetite.

"Of course I will join you in the garden," he said, cheerfully, "but I must not put a word of this to the Premier. I should advise a fur cape even; these late spring evenings are deceptive, and it gets cold out of doors when the sun goes down." He tried to speak in a cheerful, commonplace manner, helping himself to some strawberries, pouring cream over them with the same old epicure, and then sprinkling sugar with nice care.

Margaret watched him closely. Surely he could not take things in this cool fashion, if things were as she had madly dreamed. She was somewhat reassured by this thought, and still more so when the Premier glanced up and smiled at her.

"Do you think me a gourmet? But, really, these strawberries are delicious. They have an exceptionally fine flavour, and I must congratulate the gardener on them to-morrow. Try some, Margaret; perhaps they might cure your headache."

She shook her head and turned to the door, and, as she opened it, the Premier rose and stroled over to the mantelpiece. "I am in a bit of a hurry at the moment," he observed casually. "It ought to be pleasant on the lawn this evening, a beautiful starlit night is always a joy."

Margaret looked at him over her shoulder. She said nothing, but the man understood the silent message in her eyes—understood, and bit his mouth savagely.

CHAPTER XXXII. The Deep Pool.

"Curse it all!" It was not usual for the Premier to be betrayed into a burst of strong language, for he was a man who held his passion in contempt, but at the moment he was hardly master of himself. He knew that Margaret would not rest now till she had found out the truth, and when she had discovered the true state of affairs, what would happen?

The man rapidly reviewed those years of his life during which he had played the part of Robert Chevenix with such triumphant audacity and magnificent success. He remembered that not one of the dead man's relations had ever had the least suspicion of the true state of affairs. In some ways his marriage had helped to this, for he had spent most of his time with his wife's people, and been little with the Chevenix family. The Premier had married three months after he took up the new part, married a plain daughter of a great house, a house famed for its beautiful women. Lady Caroline Vernon had been overjoyed when the rising young statesman asked her to be his wife, and had accepted him gratefully. She was tired of being the ugly duckling amongst a crowd of lovely sisters, and it never occurred to the girl to ask herself if she loved the man. Her married life had been brilliantly successful. She had been very proud of her distinguished husband, and had accepted him as he was, married. She saw little of the man whose ring she wore, for no woman on earth could ever have drawn the Premier from his work just at this period. Power was the only mistress he worshipped, and she had been his mistress for years, but he was honestly kind to Lady Caroline, although she meant nothing to him. He grieved, a year later, when she died, leaving him an infant daughter, Beatrix, but his sorrow was not very deep, and more on the child's account than on his own. It was after Lady Caroline's death that Miss Griel and Miss Jean came to keep house for the widowed man, and by that time he felt too well primed in his part to fear discovery.

"Will the house of cards come down to-night?" That was the question the Premier asked himself half savagely, as he strode across the lawn to join Margaret. He had seen the fall of so many joint houses, but he had never fancied that his own might totter and shake. The years as they rolled on had served to give him absolute confidence, and he positively believed himself to be of the Chevenix blood. Yet now—and he ground his teeth at the mere thought—it was in the power of his wife to lay the stately fabric of his ambition low in the dust.

"Well, do you remember the old pet name?" Margaret Chevenix asked the question slowly. She lay back, limp and exhausted, in the depths of the wicker chair placed just off the lawn. The moon, breaking through a belt of clouds, revealed the marble pallor of the woman's face, and the convulsive way in which her hands were clasped, the thin fingers grasping each other tightly.

The Premier sat back in the shadow of a large fir tree. During all the years of his stormy life he had never passed through such a critical situation. He had said nothing, first of all, and had wanted to see what Margaret would do, but now the moment had come for action. He pushed his seat a little forward, and the moonlight fell full on his face.

It was a terrible face at that moment, an awful face, so rigid in its cold, relentless passion, so hostile-like an expression. He turned his eyes on Margaret. There was only one course of action open to him—he must play the part of a brute.

"I hate the past," he muttered sullenly, "even as I hate you. Why do you persist in referring to it?"

"Because I want to prove things to myself," cried Margaret, half hysterically. "Are you really

Robert Chevenix—the Robert who loved me? I doubt it. Oh, I doubt it. Prove yourself to me or I shall go mad." She rose from her seat as she spoke, throwing her arms, veiled by the long chiffon sleeves, high over her head, and, yielding to a wild paroxysm of despair, her eyes starting, her lips trembling.

The man stretched out his hand roughly, and pushed her back on to the seat. "Sit down, and try and compose yourself," he said fiercely, "unless you want me to tell the world you have lost your reason. Even so what do you want me for? I am Robert Chevenix, and you—you are the woman I was blackmailed into marrying."

"Oh, be quiet, be quiet," shrieked Margaret, "you told me only a few hours ago that you cared for me—that—"

"Gared," he interrupted her hoarsely. "How could you believe me? Lie! I was sorry for you, so I lied. How should it be possible that I could have any affection left for the woman I had tried of years ago, tired of and flung on one side? Do you think I have not felt the shame of having to acknowledge you as my wife before the world—that I have not hated the very sound of your voice, the rustle of your skirts, even the touch of your hair?"

"Stop," she cried suddenly. "You are killing me." As she spoke, Margaret flung herself at the man's feet, sliding down a limp heap, crouching and hiding her face on the damp grass, her body rent with sobs, her breath coming in short, broken gasps. The Premier's brutality had banished all her suspicions for the moment; she could only, as a woman, realise that she was loathed and hated.

"You loved me once," she entreated piteously. "Oh, Robert, you loved me once. Have you forgotten—can men forget so easily?"

"I never loved you, Margaret," he was playing his cruel part to the full, and with considerable success. "Had I loved you I would never have deserted you."

"And now you are tied to me, bound, fettered," she answered slowly, "till death us do part."

For a space the man and woman remained motionless and silent, the Premier leaning back in his chair, Margaret prone on the turf. The moon went in behind a passing cloud, and the night grew suddenly very dark and cold; a little breeze rustled and vept amongst the trees, and one or two heavy raindrops fell.

"You will catch cold if we stop out any longer," remarked the Premier, rather wearily, stretching out his hand and touching the limp form huddled on the grass, "it is going to rain, I fancy."

"How you must desire my death," she replied, in dull, hopeless tones, and staggering to her feet. "Well, Robert, you give me your wish sooner than you think, for God knows I am sick enough of my life." She moved slowly away as she spoke. The man hardly took in the full meaning of her words at first, but repeated them slowly to himself. The rain was beginning to come down heavily, and the moon was hidden by clouds. He glanced across the lawn to see if Margaret had gained shelter, and saw, to his surprise, that she was speeding rapidly to the wider and less cultivated part of the grounds. He noticed that her ermine cloak had slipped off her shoulders and hung down over her arm, leaving her neck bare to the pelting rain.

Suddenly Robert Chevenix realised where the path she had taken led to. It led to the deep pool at the end of the garden, the pool into the depths of which they had gazed that morning. He repeated her last sentence again, and the meaning of those low, despairing words came home. Margaret meditated self-destruction. He had guided her to the point of madness, and now she saw no escape from a life of misery save by a suicide's death.

He rose to his feet, determined to follow and persuade her, to save the woman against her own will. Suddenly the moon went in, and left him in the dark.

He made a few vague steps forward, but the darkness hemmed him in on every side, and a terrible temptation came upon him—the temptation to leave the woman to her fate.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

"NOBODIES-WHO-WOULD-BE-SOMEBODIES"

How Queer Aspirants to "Fame" Pester Editors of Books of the "Who's Who" Type.

Debrett is inaccessible, and even Burke is as the eye of a needle for the nouveaux riches. But books of the "Who's Who" type are sometimes invaded by men who, to slight claims of distinction, add the necessary push. Editors of these books are pestered with letters from aspiring geniuses who think that the inclusion of their name, publications, deeds, and favourite recreation constitutes a patent of immortality.

A favourite method is to get a friend to write to the editor, of course, disclaiming personal knowledge of the aspirant, but expressing surprise that "such a well-known authority on the Turcoman dialects is omitted from your invaluable book, whereas persons like Jones and Brown, who have no real claim to distinction, are given twenty lines each." Most compilers, therefore, make it a rule to ignore letters from third parties.

The man who writes direct making a claim for himself has a much better chance of inclusion; and every editor receives many hundreds of such letters in the course of a twelvemonth. When Professor Max Müller died, the editor of one of our bulkiest books of reference had a letter from an utterly obscure Fellow of a Cambridge college

described as "brother of Blank, the well-known authority on meteorology."

Few attempts are made to get into Debrett or other books confined to persons of title. But "County Families" is such a vague definition that the editors of books devoted to them know no peace. Americans settled in England for more than one generation almost invariably put in claims, and often offer to "make any reasonable terms." One of these gentlemen wrote that as he had "lived for twenty years in an old manor-house he could claim to have assimilated the spirit and traditions of the territorial nobility of which we are so proud."

The editor of a similar reference book, when staying at a house in Warwickshire, met at dinner a retired American copper king, who offered to lend him his hunters, gave him permission to shoot his coverts, and overwhelmed him with attentions of all kinds.

The editor, who regarded this as incense paid to his own distinction, was somewhat taken aback when, as he said good-bye, his new-made friend blurted out, "I don't care twopenny for myself, but if you put in my son Adonijah when he marries Miss — I'll be eternally obliged."

The editors of art, literary, and other year-books suffer badly from the glory hunter. Women are



The kind of persons who pester editors of the "Who's Who" type of book, and express surprise and indignation that their names and deeds are not included in the lists of celebrities of the day.

claiming that he was "one of the best-known Orientalists now living," his title to that distinction being in reality based on a few visits to Algiers and Constantinople, on which he had delivered lectures.

MANIA FOR PERSONATION.

Some aspirants to fame set to work much more warily. They attempt to make the acquaintance of editors, lend them their books, and after allowing a few months to pass, have their claims reinforced by letters from friends.

Some years ago a well-dressed man entered the office of "Who's Who" in Soho-square, and demanded to see the editor. On being passed on to a clerk, he announced that he was Sir Frederick Treves, and that he could not understand why his name was omitted. The page was referred to, and the visitor satisfied that his name was really there. A fortnight later the same man called again, and complained that as all members of Parliament were included in the book, he could not understand why he, as leader of the Irish Party, was ignored.

He was recognised by the clerk, who, suspecting his sanity, informed him that the defect would be remedied in the next issue. It transpired that the visitor was a retired Army officer, whose harmless mania were causing much amusement to his friends.

The editor of another reference book, a section of which is devoted to distinguished men, lately received a letter from the Finance Minister of Venezuela, asking why his name was omitted. Another strange claim came from Australia, the writer declaring that he was the only poet in his district whose work had been accepted by the "Sydney Bulletin."

A surveyor of income-taxes in Derbyshire once wrote that he had been looking through the editor's valuable book, and as he had "never heard of nine out of ten of the persons therein, he considered that a Government official like himself had a good claim."

FIOTIOUS ASTRONOMY.

The same editor, a few months ago, received a letter from an unknown person who gave a list of works on astronomy which he declared he had published, but which inquiry proved had no existence in fact. But perhaps the strangest application was that of a gentleman who claimed that he should be

the worst offenders. One lady sent in half a page of autobiography accompanied by a note saying that, though she had never hitherto published anything, she would do so at her own expense before the end of the year if her name were included. Another, a writer of mediocre society novels, sent her publishers' accounts in order to prove her popularity. When the accounts were returned with a polite note, she wrote a venomous letter threatening to publish the correspondence, together with a challenge to the editor to show how many readers he had for "his own Grub-street romances."

An artist in Chelsea, who was evidently a bit of a wit, claimed that he should be included in "Who's Who" because "all his pictures had been rejected by the Royal Academy." Another artist claimed inclusion on the ground that he had really painted half of the landscapes signed by a well-known R.A.

Actors and music-hall artists sometimes put in still stranger claims. One boasted that he had understudied Mr. Lionel Brough, and would have played his part if the piece had not been taken off. Another claimant said that he was the tallest actor in England, and a third, a member of Barnum and Bailey's circus, demanded inclusion on the ground that he was the greatest freak in the world, having been both "fat man" and "living skeleton" in different troupes within the short period of seven years.

UP-TO-DATE OFFICERS.

Thirty-four officers are mentioned in Army Orders as qualified as interpreters in foreign languages.

Nineteen have passed in French, seven in Russian, four in German, and one each in Swedish, Italian, Arabic, and Cape Dutch.

PRIOR'S ELOPEMENT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CRACOW, Thursday.

The Prior of the Carmelite Monastery here has eloped with a young lady of good family, and has taken with him £24,000 from the funds of his order. It is believed that the couple are bound for America.

"MIRROR'S" NON-STOP MOTOR-CAR TRIALS.

Captain Deasy Enters His Famous Mountain-Climbing Car.

22 COMPETITORS.

The proposed conditions for the *Mirror's* suggested non-stop trial of motor-cars have, at the request of the committee, been submitted to the Automobile Club, but it is feared that no definite reply as to whether the sanction of the club will be given to the trial can be received before Tuesday next.

Several new and important entries have been made, and now the competitors number twenty-two.

One of the most interesting additions to the steadily-growing list is from Captain H. H. P. Deasy, who made his name remarkable as an African explorer, and later by driving his motor-car up the cog-wheel railway of the Rochers de Naye, 3,707 feet high.

Captain Deasy is now engaged on an Alpine tour on his Martini car. He has already ascended the Col de Forclaz Pass, 5,094 feet high, which has a gradient of 1 in 64. The car could only be driven round some of the very acute corners in the ascent by backing and advancing several times, and the wheels of the car were often within six inches of the edge of the precipice which borders the track.

Riding Above the Clouds.

He has driven over the St. Bernard Pass, and is to drive over eighteen passes, varying in altitude from 3,500 to 9,000 feet.

The mountain drive will end at Geneva, and Captain Deasy will then drive to Paris, in order to prove the condition of the car after its extraordinary journey, a large part of which will be above the clouds.

Captain Deasy writes as follows:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I think your idea of train v. motor an excellent method of proving the undoubted reliability of the modern automobile, and shall have very great pleasure in entering and driving a Martini car.

The more severe you can make the test the better my Martini will like it, as she is thoroughly used to overcoming obstacles.

H. H. P. DEASY (Capt.).

10, Brompton-road, S.W., July 6.

Competitor's Suggestion.

A National car is the twentieth car entered, as will be seen by the following:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Re proposed run.

I shall be most happy to enter one of our English cars (the National) in your trial, if you will be so good as to forward particulars.

In my opinion the step you are taking is one of the best movements yet introduced into the industry.

It seems a pity that France is the only country which can run a daily motor paper. Could you not publish one page a day solely on motor matters?

CECIL H. LAMB.

85, Shaftesbury-avenue, London, W.C., July 6.

Cheap Car's Capabilities.

A Little Star car is entered by Mr. J. Lisle making the twenty-first entry.

He writes:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

We have been studying your paper re proposed non-stopping motor trial, and think it a very good thing.

We agree with Mr. Friwell that a car costing something like £175 is capable of running a long distance non-stop run equally as well as a car costing £200 or £700, and it only wants demonstrating to the public, when the idea which they have that the cheap cars are only for running about town, and are not reliable for long distances, will be entirely altered, therefore we shall be pleased to enter one of our 7-h.p. two-cylinder two-seated cars—known as the "Little Star"—subject to the rules, regulations, and conditions being satisfactory. We have no doubt we shall run one of our larger 12 or 20-h.p. cars as well.

J. LISLE.

The Star Engineering Co., Wolverhampton, July 6.

Famous Silent Car.

Mr. Dew anxious to prove that the Leon Bollée car, which is celebrated for its silence, is thoroughly reliable. He writes:—

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

With reference to the non-stop trial which you propose organising, we shall be pleased to enter one of our Leon Bollée cars for this trial, subject to the rules and conditions being satisfactory. We are always pleased to demonstrate the reliability of this particular car, and we think this will be an excellent opportunity for proving to the public the special qualities of the Leon Bollée. We shall be glad to receive as early as possible full particulars as to the conditions of the competition.

J. A. H. DEW.

The Speedwell Motor and Engineering Co., Ltd., 151, Knightsbridge, S.W., July 6.

2/6

FOUNTAIN PEN

Ladies and Gentlemen in almost every walk of life have taken the exceptional opportunity afforded them of procuring a

'DAILY MIRROR' Fountain Pen for 2/6

The pleasurable surprise at the quality—for the pens are really well worth 7s. 6d. each—is shown from the fact that these same readers

WANT MORE.

Every pen is fitted with Twin Feed, holders of the finest vulcanite exquisitely chased, packed in a box with filler and instruction sheet. For sixpence more a serviceable

Pen Pocket Case

will be sent with your pen if you fill in the coupon below.

You may purchase these pens and cases at the West End Office for Small Advertisements of the "DAILY MIRROR," 45, New Bond Street, W.

PEN DEPARTMENT,
The "Daily Mirror,"
2, Carnarville Street, London, E.C.
I enclose P.O. for 2/6, for which please send "D.M." Fountain Pen to

NAME

ADDRESS

NIB.....

The Nibs are either FINE, MEDIUM, or BROAD.

APPRECIATION

The public appreciation of a beverage does not expand at a rapid rate, meanwhile maintaining its keenness, unless the beverage itself possesses merit of the truest kind.

NEW WAR'S "WHITE LABEL"

The Whisky of Proved Purity
Welcomed All Over the World at All Times

A wholesome alcoholic spirit, having that sound and exquisite flavour which convinces the accomplished connoisseur. Every ounce of the whisky has been allowed to develop through lapse of many years before reaching the public.

Delicately Soft and Mellow
Refreshes in Reason
The Choice of Doctors for Use in Health or Sickness

Daily Bargains.

NOTE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dresses.

A BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, 70 articles; 21s.; worth double; robe, daygown, nightgown, flannel, belts, piques, headgear; approval—Nurse Morris, 2, St. Ann's-chambers, E.C.

A BABY'S Complete Outfit; 68 articles, 21s. 6d.—Eva, 160, Larkhall-lane, Clapham.

A BARGAIN—UNDERLINEN, 9s. parcel—8, Ladies' chemises, knickers, petticoats; 3 beautiful night-dresses, 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 221, Uxbridge-rd, Shepherd's Bush.

A COSTUME to measure, 42s.—Marsh, Tailors, 47, Whitcomb-st, Piccadilly-circus.

A FEW LEFT—Don't miss this chance to obtain one of our REAL JAPANESE HATS (ladies' or gentlemen's shape), for country, seaside, or golf; post free 5s. (worth double, or 2 for 1s. 6d.)—Japanese Dept., 85, Southwark-rd, Forest Gate, E.

A FREE dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated list; send stamp.—British Linen Company, Oxford-st, London.

A LADY wishes to dispose of valuable leopard skin Rug, mounted on black skin; would take 45s.; also diamond Marguerite Ring, 21s. 10s.; cost 235—L. H., 33, Clifton-st, W.

A SALE of Summer Costumes, Dress Coats, Blouses, new & second-hand; great reductions.—Jailon, 1st floor, 15, Abchurch-lane, E.C.

BABY'S LONG CLOTHES, complete set, 50 articles; very choice, unused; 21s.; approval—Mrs. May, The House, Nottingham.

BOUSES, Skirts, Blouses.—New Summer Catalogue, just ready; write for one immediately, post free; stylish Blouses presented to new customers; write for particulars, don't miss opportunity.—Wynne Bros., 156, Midway-lane, London.

CINQUELORE Lawn; cool and dainty; 1s. yard (double width); shades post free.—Clingside Lawn Co., 62, Aldersbury, E.C.

COSTUME (tailor-made)—A Parisian Ladies' Tailor, having started business in London, in order to acquire good connection, is at once ready to receive customers to measure in any design for the sum of 37s. 6d. material and everything included.—Write Elegance, at Shelley's, Gracechurch-st, E.C.

COURT Dressmaker; highly recommended; French experience; perfect style; 21s.; exquisite work; prices exceptionally advantageous; ladies.—Write 1484, City Mirror, 2, Carmelite-st, E.C.

DRESSMAKING—Ladies' materials made; Blouses from 2s. 6d.—Jailon, 15, Abchurch-lane, E.C.

GENT'S SUIT to measure, 25s.; Ladies' Tailor-made Costumes to measure, 52s. 6d.; payments by instalments if desired.—Clay Tailors, 20, Prince Wales-rd, Norwich.

JULY Sale of Irish linens at special low prices.—Hutton's, Room 31, Larne, Ireland. Write at once for full list of free samples, linens, towels, summer dress fabrics.

NEW BEAULINK JACKET, very elegant; latest fashionable asacque shape with stylish revers, richly lined; suit medium heavy; cash wanted; sacrifice 25 15s.; worth 250; approval—Marie, 22, Holland-st, S.W.

UNDERLINEN—10s. 6d. parcel; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 3 petticoats; 3 handsome nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 160, Larkhall-lane, Clapham.

VIGOR Dress Length; manufacturer's bankruptcy stock; full dress length, rich black, 9s. 6d.; worth 3s. 11d.; approval—Emanuel, 31, Clapham-rd.

DAILY BARGAINS.

400 MEN'S Summer Alpaca Jackets, 2s. 6d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., 4s. 11d. each, all sizes; carriage 3d. extra.—Greenhill, 26, Noble-st, London, E.C.

500 BOYS' Sailor Suits; serge, 1s. 9d.; velvet, 2s. 6d.; 3s. 9d.; Norfolk, 3s. 6d.; 4s. 9d.; Kensington, 4s. 9d., 5s. 9d.; carriage 3d. extra; also grand assortment of other clothing.—Greenhill, 26, Noble-st, London, E.C.

Miscellaneous.

A RARE OFFER—Sweetheart's Curious Love-letter, a very funny Photo, and unique novelty, 1s. 6d.; securely packed.—Hyams, 13, Court Bishop-st, Birmingham.

A ARTISTIC Crystalware coloured Miniatures set in pendant, brooches, etc., from 3s. 4d.; new permanent process from any photo; photos returned unaltered; sample sent.—Atkinson, 10, Queen-st, Chapsall, London. (Agents wanted everywhere).

BARGAIN—Ten-guinea Service, silver, hall-marked Table Cutlery, 12 table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers and steel; elegantly mounted, ivory handles; unsold; sacrifice 27s. 6d.; approval willing—Mrs. Major Bradshaw, 45, Handford-rd, S.W.

CHARMING coloured Miniatures from any photograph, 1s. 1s.; in silver pendant, 1s. 6d.; gold, 5s.; samples sent.—Chapman, Artist, Swansea.

DRESS Stands and Busto for sale, cheap, in great variety.—Miner's Wardrobe, 11, Bishop-rd, Farringdon 10 doors from station.

POLISH Dye permanently blacks any kind brown boots, B. buttons, and eyelets; bottle 1s.; with box polish, 1s. 6d.—P.O. M. Farr, Dye Works, Overton-rd, Northampton.

FISH Knives and Forks; handsome 4-guinea case, 6 pairs silver, hall-marked, mounted ivory handles; unsold; accept 16s. 6d.; companion case Despatch; 16s. 6d.; elaborate 2-guinea case Fish Carver; 8s. 6d.; approval—H. M., 31, Clapham-rd, S.W.

FURNITURE; rich saddle-bag suite, handsome square 2-carpet pattern lino rug, pretty table, and vase; 60 10s. or 2s. 6d. week.—Hind, 37, Wiesbaden-rd, Stoke Newington.

IRON and WOOD BUILDINGS, Conservatories, Greenhouses, Cucumbers, Frames, Lights, Pottery Appliances, Rustic Houses, Vases, Seats of every description, Glass, Timber, Heating Apparatus; cheapest houses in the trade; illustrated list free.—William Cooper, 721, Old Kent-rd, London.

LADY'S 2-guinea new silk Umbrella, 10s. 6d.; 7in. silver handle, richly embroidered; Paragon frame; approval—R. U., 55, Handford-rd, S.W.

LARGE assortment of new and second-hand Leather Goods; ready to be sold cheap.—Wenters, 107, Charing Cross-rd, W.C.

MUSIC and Songs for sale; all styles; list sent—Ray, 34, Abchurch-lane, E.C.

PAIR silver-backed Hair Brushes, silver Mirror, and silver-mounted Comb; all in suite; lady will sell above for 10s.; worth 27; unsold; approval—H. M., 31, Clapham-rd, S.W.

READING Cues (useful and handsome) will hold 50 R. copies of the Daily Mirror; 1s. each, gold, 1s. 3d.—Postal orders to 2, Carmelite-st, London, E.C.

RELIABLE Fountain Pen, best on the market; post free, 10s. 6d.—Address Pen, 60, Pall-mall, S.W.

SIX Hand-drawn Picture Postcards; E.O. 1s.—Oswell, 77, Elm-rd, Clapham.

TEN GUINEA SERVICE. All quality, silver-plated on silver metal; Spoons and Forks, 12 each table and dessert spoons and forks; also teaspoons (60 pieces); unsold; sacrifice 16s. 6d.; approval—H. M., 31, Clapham-rd, S.W.

THE Strained Pipe; delighting smokers; no cleaning; simple briars, 1s. 1s. 6d., 4s.—Strained Pipe Rynd, Ltd., 37, Walbrook, E.C., all tobaccoists, or post free.

USEFUL AND PRETTY—50 Scotch Correspondence Cards and 50 envelopes; post free, 1s. postal order.—E. FIEDLER and Co., Printers, Southfield, London, E.W.

DAILY BARGAINS.

9d. will buy 3s. 6d. worth of artistic Picture Postcards; sent free; no rubbish or common cases.—Publisher, 5, Grafton-cy, Clapham.

18 ARTISTIC PICTURE POSTCARDS, assorted, post free, 6d.—Pritchard and Co., 225, High-rd, Ilford.

25 ARTISTIC PICTURE POSTCARDS, assorted, post free, 6d.—IMPORTER, 13, Benbowth-rd, S.E.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER.
25, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.
GREAT CLEARANCE SALE—FULL LIST POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

10/6. GENT'S MAGNIFICENT 18-CARAT GOLD-CASED CHRONOMETER STOP WATCH, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' written warranty. Also 18-carat gold (stamped) filled double Orel Albert, Seal attached, guaranteed 16 years' wear, worth 22 2s. Three together, sacrifice 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

10/6. LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT GOLD-CASED KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long Watch Chain, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, elegant West End design, guaranteed 16 years' wear. Two together, sacrifice, 10s. 6d., worth 22 2s. Approval before payment.

19/6. LADY'S 26 6s. SOLID GOLD (stamped) KEYLESS WATCH, jewelled 10 rubies, richly engraved case, splendid timekeeper, 10 years' written warranty. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d.

10/6. HANDSOME 25 6s. SERVICE SHEPHERD 10 1/2. GUTTERLY, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carvers, and Bazel; Glycerol ivory balanced handles; unsold; sacrifice 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

8/6. CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled; in Morocco case. Sacrifice, 8s. 6d. Approval before payment.

8/6. HANDSOME LONG NECK-CHAIN, genuine 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, choice design, in Morocco case, 8s. 6d.; another, heavier, exceedingly beautiful pattern, extra long; 10s. 6d. Approval before payment.

9/6. FIELD, Race, or Marine Glass, 24 6s. 4d. military binoculars, 40 miles range, 10 achromatic crystal lenses, in saddle-made sling case. Sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; approval before payment.

9/6. MAGNIFICENT 25 3s. 2-plate HAND CAMERA; developing and 12 plates, time and snapshot shutter, with Glycerol and printing accessories; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.

10/6. LADY'S magnificent 25 6s. solid gold, hall-marked DIAMOND and EMERALD NOVELTY HALF-ROOF RING; large lustre stones; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval before payment.

21/- GLADSTONE BAG, 24in.; real brown cowhide; strong leather strap; nickel silver fittings, etc.; never used; sacrifice, 21s., cost 24 6s. Approval before payment.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER, 25, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BORDY'S Pianos—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 14s. 6d. per month; second-hand pianos, short horizontal grands from 25s.; upright grands, 17s. 6d.; cottages, 10s. 6d. to 15s. per month on the 5 years' system.—C. Bly and Co., 74 and 76, Southampton-row, London, W.C.

VALUABLE Violin; must sell; marvellous solo tones; labelled Stradivari Cremona, 1690; sacrifice, 18s. 6d.; approval willing—Mrs. Tyler, Rockingham, Uxbridge.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM HOUSE COLLEGE, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years.—High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, professional, and commercial life; cadet corps attached to the 1st V.B.R.E. The "Bursar" junior school for boys under 13; 45-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

A. A.—"How Money Makes Money."—Post free to all mentioning this paper. Will clearly show anybody with 21 capital upwards how large profits may be made. £10 can make from £5 to £10 profit per week! Not to be had, is it? Capital returnable at any moment.—Ridley and Skinner, 11, Pontry, London, E.C.

FIVE POUNDS to 2500 ADVANCED, on shortest notice, on approved note of hand, on your own security; repayments to suit borrower's convenience; strictly private; no fees or charges unless business completed.—Call or write full particulars to the actual lender, James Winter, No. 259, Bedford-rd, Forest-gate, E. London.

LOANS—£10 upwards; householders, tradesmen, etc.; repay by post—Bridge, Broadway, Woking.

LOANS—£25 and upwards; repayable monthly, by post.—Apply Gould, Babergate, Guildford.

MONEY advanced to householders and others; £5 to £1,000; without fees or salaries; repayments to suit borrower's convenience.—Call or write Charles Stevens and Co., 49, Gillingham-st, Victoria Station.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-st, Ipswich.

"We do not say from to-day onwards, there is going to be a large rise in American, but we do say unhesitatingly that between now and the end of June American Railway Shares should be selling many points higher. This is what we wrote our clients on 31st May last, advising a purchase of Atchafalca. You can have equally good information, if you will communicate with us, send at once for latest advice.—Rodway and Co., 23, Rood-lane, London, E.C. Telegrams, Bullgate, London, Telephone, 1785 Central."

£5 to £1,000 Advanced to householders and others on £5 approved note of hand; no salaries required; trade bills discounted on shortest notice; strictly private and confidential.—Before borrowing elsewhere write or call on actual lender, J. Vincent, 24, Islington-green, Islington, London.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

BOURNEMOUTH—"Homestead" Boarding House, known close Bournemouth; 17 rooms; 25s. 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON—Johannesburg Boarding Establishment. Grand-parade; moderate charges; thoroughly comfortable and homelike.

GREAT YARMOUTH—Garibaldi Hotel for gentlemen; moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.

PORTSMOUTH—Furnished Apartments, close to sea; terms moderate.—Mrs. McLean, 41, St. George's-rd.

RAMSGATE—Homely Board-Residence, 17s. 6d. inclusive; liberal table; sea view.—Stansard, 9, Dane John.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

BARGAIN.—Gent's £12 12s. Coventry Cycle; new; not ridden 50 miles; free wheel, plated rim, two front brakes, Dunlop licensed tyres; perfect, 25 15s.; accessories; cash wanted.—Student, 22, Peninlan-rd, Clapham-rd.

CYCLES at popular prices.—600 special Bargains on offer: Ladies' Gent's, Boys' Girls' from 4s.; payments from 2s. 6d. weekly; immediate delivery; list free: 50 sold second-hand Cycles, from 4s. 10s.; riding schools open till 8 p.m.—Cyclocom, 54 and 55, Blackfriars-rd, S.E., and 124, King-st, Chelsea, S.W.

Other Small Advertisements appear on page 8.

Headache

PAINS IN THE BACK AND INSOMNIA COMPLETELY CURED

YOU have headache! What sort? How does it arise? And how can it be cured? Is it in the forehead, and does it cease if you press it? If so, that's neuralgic headache. Is it in the forehead or on one side of the head only? If so, it's what doctors call "migrain," and arises from want of tone in the system. Is it general and accompanied by sickness, foul breath, constipation, &c.? If so, it's bilious headache, and arises from excessive secretion of bile. All these headaches are traceable, you see, either to stomach weakness, which lets the system get run down (resulting in neuralgia or migrain), or to liver disorder, which deranges bile secretion and causes a bilious headache. Bile Beans act directly on the liver and stomach; that's how they cure headache. They cure headache, which is only a symptom, by correcting the disorders which cause it. Evidence that this is so will be found in the following case:

"My sufferings commenced about sixteen years ago—I am now thirty-five years of age. Every morning when I got up I had awful pains in the back, between the shoulders, and through the head," said Mrs. H. A. Quinnell, of 88, Goods Station Road, Tunbridge Wells, in the course of an interview with a "Kent and Sussex Courier" reporter. "I was a victim to such intense and racking pain, day after day, that I thought I should go mad. I could hardly see, and became so dizzy that I actually felt afraid to come downstairs. My sight was so affected that if you had called then instead of now I should have seen about a dozen of you. The pain used to remain all day, and by night I would be quite worn out and helpless. As for getting any sleep, it was often quite out of the question; in fact, I often thought I was going insane, and many times my sufferings were so great that I could have done away with myself. I was attended by doctors, on and off, for the full sixteen years of my illness, and had so many that I cannot remember them all. I tried all sorts of medicine without result. I was also an out-patient for several months at the Homœopathic Hospital, but

derived no benefit whatever from the treatment. Last autumn I obtained a pamphlet which contained an account of a case precisely like mine that Bile Beans had cured, so I decided to try them at once. There was obvious improvement almost from the first. The pains decreased in duration and intensity, and I rose in the morning refreshed and better able for my day's duties. Thus encouraged, I continued with the course until I was completely cured, and there is no doubt that Bile Beans alone have cured me. No one should be without them in the house, and I have already spoken to several of my neighbours about Bile Beans, and all who have taken them have been benefited."



"I HAD AWFUL PAINS THROUGH MY HEAD."

**A PURELY
VEGETABLE
FAMILY
MEDICINE.**

That enterprising journal, the "Chemist and Druggist," has just balloted the Chemists of Great Britain on the best selling ailment-name medicine. The ballot has placed Bile Beans easily at the top of the list. This justifies our claim that they are the most widely used family medicine.

SAMPLE BOX FREE.

Are you desirous of testing the merits of Bile Beans for Biliousness FREE OF COST? You can do so by sending your name and address, the accompanying Coupon, and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage) to the Bile Bean Co., Greek Street, Leeds.

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MEDICAL ADVICE FREE.

Are you in doubt as to whether Bile Beans are suitable for your case? If so, send us full particulars of your symptoms, age, and sex. Your application will be fully and privately considered and, replied to free of cost by our fully qualified medical staff. Address, marking "Private," to the Bile Beans Co., Greek Street, Leeds.

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WHOLESOME
AND ALWAYS
EFFECTIVE.**

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Bile Beans for Biliousness are the safest family medicine, and a certain cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Hot Weather Worries, Summer Fag, Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anaemia, and all Female Ailments. Obtainable of all medicine vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price 1s. 1½d. per box, or large family size containing three times small size, 2s. 9d.